The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914.

Summary of the News

The most important development in the Mexican situation during the past week was the withdrawal of Gen. Carranza from the position he had assumed with regard to the right of the United States to investigate the Benton or similar cases. Following a conference with American Consul Simpich, acting under instructions from the State Department, Gen. Carranza announced that he had decided to accept representations from the United States concerning all foreigners in Mexico. Meanwhile, it is freely stated that Villa is ambitious to become the next President of Mexico, and that a break between him and his nominal leader is only a question of time. Villa himself, however, has denied that any friction exists between the Constitutional chief and himself, and has declared explicitly that he will not be President. On the same day that Gen. Carranza made his announcement the President directed an increase in the force of regular troops on the Mexican border to check any inclination on the part of the Texans to organize a raid over the frontier. On Saturday night some Mexicans crossed the border at San Diego, Cal., burnt the general store containing the post office, and murdered Postmaster Frank Johnston. Efforts will be made to have the murderers returned to California for trial under extradition proceedings.

A storm in a teacup was aroused by Ambassador Page's speech last week before the Associated Chambers of Commerce in London, with the result that a resolution was passed in the Senate calling on the State Department to place before it a copy of the speech. Exception was taken to the passages in which Ambassador Page alluded to the Monroe Doctrine as meaning that "the United States would prefer that no European Governments would gain more lands in the New World," and in which he stated that it added greatly to the pleasure of the people of the United States in the building of the Panama Canal to know that the British would profit most by its use. Secretary of St te Bryan has cabled instructions to the Ambassador to forward the full text of the speech. In the meantime Mr. Page explains that the misunderstanding was due to too great condensation in the reports of his speech published in the press, and that the passages to which exception was taken in the Senate were spoken in a facetious vein.

The Senate Immigration Committee decided last week to report the Burnett Immigration bill favorably to the Senate. The literacy test therefore remains in the bill, and the question will be fought out on the floor of the Senate.

The application of the "gag" rule to the debate in the House on the repeal of the exemption clause in the Panama Canal tolls bill indicates that the measure will be transferred to the Senate to-day or to-morrow. According to a preliminary canvass of the Senate it is probable that the motion to repeal the clause will obtain a sufficient majority.

The attempt to amend the Sherman Anti-Trust law by attaching to it a series of definitions has been abandoned. The difficulty of framing legislation to define exactly what constitutes a "monopoly" has apparently been found to be insuperable, and the President, according to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "has noted that every time a new definition is attempted in this connection it makes a new series of cases to interpret the definition."

As a result of the competition of the parcel post it was announced last Friday that the United States Express Company would go into liquidation. Reports of business during recent months show an enormous decline in comparison with the corresponding months a year ago, and it is said that the small surplus that existed on December 1 last year had by the close of February been converted into a large deficit. In order to preserve its assets the stockholders have decided to dissolve the company.

Three indictments were handed down by the Grand Jury on March 11 against Henry Siegel and Frank E. Vogel, the principals in the conduct of department stores in Boston and New York. The indictments charge fraud in accepting deposits in the private bank of Henry Siegel & Co. when the firm knew that it was insolvent, and in having obtained a loan of $25,000 from the National Bank of Commerce by misrepresentation of assets and liabilities.

It is possible that the differences between the United States customs officials and the Limoges porcelain manufacturers may hold up indefinitely the voting by the Chamber of Deputies of the appropriation for the French exhibit at the Panama Exposition. According to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun* there is no likelihood of the budget committee voting the appropriation unless the Limoges difficulty is settled, and as the present Chamber has less than two weeks more of existence before the elections it is probable that the matter will have to be postponed for the consideration of the next Chamber. In that case, the appropriation could hardly be voted in time to make preparations for the opening of the Exposition.

Premier Asquith's statement in the House of Commons on Monday threw no further light on the Home Rule situation. The Premier admitted that he was "not much encouraged" over the reception of his proposal to allow the nine counties of Ulster to decide separately, by a plébiscite, whether they would accept Home Rule or remain directly under the government of the Imperial Parliament. He refused to discuss the details of his scheme until the general principles of the proposal had been accepted by the Opposition. Mr. Bonar Law, leader of the Opposition, insisted that the details must be laid before the House before the matter could be discussed; whereupon Mr. Asquith undertook to afford an opportunity for the discussion of his refusal to enter into details.

Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*, was shot on Monday evening by Mme. Henriette Caillaux, wife of Joseph Caillaux, the French Minister of Finance, and died late the same night. Mme. Caillaux's action was prompted by a desire for revenge for a series of bitter attacks made by M. Calmette on her husband in *Figaro*. M. Caillaux has resigned his portfolio, and the Premier, M. Doumergue, has rearranged his Cabinet.

The general strike in Rome was brought to an end early last week by the prompt action of the Government. There were serious clashes between the troops and the rioters, and a number of persons were injured. While the ostensible reason for the strike, which paralyzed the entire traffic and business of the city, was to protest against the closing of a Government hospital, it is generally believed that the real purpose of the leaders, as has been the case in similar strikes, was to test the strength of the labor organizations.

The recent elections to the Spanish Cortes resulted in a decisive victory for the Government, the Ministerialists obtaining a majority of sixty-six Deputies.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times* professes to give details concerning the proposed increase in Russian armaments that has been reported. A secret meeting of Cabinet Ministers and representative members of the Duma was held in St. Petersburg on Saturday, at which, according to the *Times* correspondent, the proposal was made by Ministers that Russia should increase her army on a peace footing by 460,000 men, bringing the total up to 1,700,000. The cost of the increase, estimated at $250,000,000, would be spread over a term of three years. It is understood that the members of the Duma represented at the meeting, among whom were not included Socialists, Labor members, Poles, or Mohammedans, are prepared to vote the necessary supplies.

The scandal arising out of the naval graft charges in Japan has resulted in a deadlock between the upper and lower houses of the Parliament over the naval estimates, and it is thought probable either that the Cabinet will resign or Parliament be dissolved. The latest officer to be involved in the scandals is Vice-Admiral Tsurutaro Matsuo, who has been arrested on a charge of grafting in connection with naval contracts.

The deaths of the week include: Gen. Francis A. Osborn, John Lambert Cadwalader, Dr. Thomas Morgan Rotch, March 11; George Westinghouse, March 12; Judge C. A. Willard, March 13; Right Rev. Dr. John Scarborough, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, March 14; William Lummis, March 15; Sir John Murray, March 16.

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The Week

The little diplomatic passage at arms between Secretary Bryan and Carranza has ended by the latter's climbing down as gracefully as possible. He concedes, in language made as high-flown as may be in order to conceal his yielding, that he will consider representations made to him by the United States in behalf of British subjects, or other foreigners, imperilled in Mexico. The incident is of no great importance in itself, but it illustrates the difficulty of dealing with the Mexicans, whether in the north or in the capital. Their rulers have smart lawyers associated with them, who have a keen scent for every opening and lose no chance to score a point. Carranza's legal advisers evidently thought that they had a fine opportunity, in the Benton matter, to force recognition by the British Government. So they drove at it with a good conceit of their own cleverness. It came to nothing in the end, as it was bound to, but they had had their flourish, and enjoyed it. As for the hard facts and obvious dangers of the case, those they lightheartedly ignored. It was enough to have made their magnificent gesture. This combination of pertinacity in controversy with great personal pride has long been familiar as a weakness of the Spanish character. The Mexicans have their full share of it; and it makes trouble for anybody who seeks to do business with them.

Though the Senate was hasty and rather childish in demanding all the details of Ambassador Page's jocose remarks in London about the Canal and the Monroe Doctrine, it must be admitted that Mr. Page was indiscreet. Certain topics an Ambassador had better keep free from jesting. This is especially the case when those topics are under active discussion in his own country. It is much wiser for him to omit not only joking about them, but all public reference to them. This is not to demand that an American Ambassador, particularly in England, should always be solemn and formal. It is well for him to exercise his wit, but he should do it upon non-contentious subjects. If tempted to say something flippant about the Panama Canal, he should restrain himself, and at least go no further than Jeffrey, who, it will be remembered, spoke disrespectfully of the Equator. We have no doubt that Ambassador Page will be able to prove to the satisfaction of the Senate that he was merely indulging in a little harmless levity which his immediate audience did not fail to understand. But it is the audience at the end of the Atlantic cable that he should never forget. To it, and on most political or controverted matters, it is a recommendation of an Ambassador that he "jokes wi' deeficulty."

It appears to have been decided at Washington to abandon the attempt to amend the Anti-Trust law by plastering some new definitions over it. This seems to us eminently wise. From the first the *Nation* took the view that the statute, as expounded and applied by the Supreme Court, is now a sufficiently stout hook to put in the jaw of leviathans of monopoly and restraint of trade, and furthermore, that the effort to make some new verbal descriptions of the kind of thing it is sought to prevent would be perilous. The inevitable result would be to unsettle what has been determined and to let loose a flood of new litigation. Define and refine as lawmakers may, it is for the judges finally to say what is the legal effect of their definitions. This fact has apparently been borne in at last upon the minds of the ardent definition-makers in Congress. They have discovered the truth that there is no short-cut to an industrial millennium by merely getting up a new form of words. It is an old story. The adoption of a Code in New York was so to simplify the law and judicial procedure that the wayfaring man would know all about it and that the volume of litigation would be cut down very small. In fact, nearly every phrase in the Code has been litigated and made the subject of a large body of judicial decisions. Such would have almost certainly been the fate of extemporized definitions thrust into the Anti-Trust law. They can be given up without a pang.

The statement made before the Senate lobbying investigation committee by a Washington lawyer, that he had been employed by a certain shipbuilding company to work for the Panama tolls exemption, is controverted by the head of the business concern in question. It would appear that the Washington attorney had been hired to work for section 11 of the Panama Canal bill, and not for section 5, which relates to tolls. There is here a certain refinement of pleading which the ordinary mind will find it rather hard to follow. The ordinary mind will seize upon the broad fact that private business interests were not unconcerned in a question which was interpreted as involving the vindication of our national dignity against the insolent demands of foreign Powers. The public is learning to put to a close scrutiny all arguments in which the national dignity demands that something be done in violation of national honor. For that matter, the argument from national dignity is losing force, in general. Recent disclosures the world over—in this country, in Germany, in Japan—have revealed an intimate connection between the preservation of the national dignity as the professional patriot sees it, and fat commissions from the armament makers.

When the Colonel's away, the bosslets will play. But there is a growing curiosity as to what will happen when the leader returns. This curiosity centres just now on Lieut. Perkins. There are whispers that some of the Moose are beginning to fear lest the former Trust connections of this zealous convert are becoming a burden upon the party. At the same time, it cannot be denied that he is an aggressive fighter. His plan of campaign for the immediate future is understood to be to wage war against the shining lights of the progressive Republicans, with the idea that, with them eliminated, the old party will have no claim whatever upon public attention. Senator Cummins is said to be slated as the first victim, and there are stories of a huge campaign fund to defeat him in Iowa this year. Then will come the turns of Senators Borah and La Follette. On the other hand, the Republicans are not napping. The first great battle takes place in Pennsylvania, and the progressive Republicans of that State are endeavoring to concentrate their forces behind a single candidate, in order to make the defeat of Penrose as nearly certain as possible.

The factor of urban congestion in the cities of the Atlantic Coast is concededly one of the outstanding problems of immigration. It is therefore of interest

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to see what has hitherto been accomplished in the way of a more even geographical distribution of immigrants. The latest report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration says: "There can be no question but that many of the evils that grow out of our present excessive immigration would be remedied, or at least alleviated, if the congestion of aliens in our large centres of population could be broken up. Distribution of admitted aliens is a thing much to be desired." A commentary on this statement is offered in the thirteenth annual report of the Industrial Removal Office operating in this city. Since 1901, this bureau has been instrumental in transplanting something more than 71,000 aliens from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, to homes in 1,155 cities and towns in every State of the Union and Canada. The West Central States have taken half of this number. If these results can be attained by private initiative operating with comparatively limited resources, it is plain that much more might be accomplished if Government agencies were to coöperate with private effort.

Probably there are more pressing municipal problems waiting for solution in New York than the question of a bridge across the Hudson, which was debated last Friday in the rooms of the Merchants' Association. But the nature of the arguments brought forward by opponents of the project is instructive. Citizens of New Jersey took the position that any improvement of communications between that State and New York is bound to divert trade from local merchants to the department stores of this city. This has actually happened in Jersey City, partly as a result of the Hudson tunnels improvement and partly through the building of the Pennsylvania Station, which has greatly reduced Jersey City's importance as a terminal. If better traffic facilities are bound to injure New Jersey interests, it apparently follows that New York city must benefit proportionately. But no, argue real estate interests in this city. A bridge across the Hudson means the pouring out of New York's surplus population into New Jersey, whereas they ought to go to the Bronx and Long Island. Thus, instead of the broad view that in the long run both New York and New Jersey are bound to profit by the change, one as a trading centre, the other as a residential region, two narrow views confront each other.

The death of John L. Cadwalader removes not only one of the most distinguished New York lawyers, but one of its most public-spirited citizens. Few men have more deeply felt their civic as well as professional responsibilities. In his personal dignity, his general culture, his rounded legal knowledge, and his concern for the standards of his profession, he was a great ornament to the Bar. Though he had reached and passed three score and ten, he campaigned night after night for the ticket of the Judiciary Nominators with the enthusiasm of youth. To many he personified the old-fashioned lawyer who was neither a corporation tool nor a mere money-making machine, but an attorney who was both friend and counsellor. As president of the Bar Association he was untiring in his efforts to better legal conditions. To the New York Public Library his services have been singularly devoted and of far-reaching value, notably in the consolidation of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations. With John Bigelow, Dr. Billings, and Mr. Cadwalader gone, that institution finds itself hard hit indeed; and Mr. Edward Robinson but voices the feeling of many in declaring that Mr. Cadwalader's death will be "an almost irreparable loss" to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A home in which not a stroke of housework shall be done except by professionals, hired to come in by the hour or day.—Mrs. Gilman.

In 1890, according to the Census, there were in the United States female domestic servants—"servants and waiters"—to the number of 1,216,000. Ten years later the number had risen to 1,283,000. The figures for 1910 are not available, but assuming a like rate of increase, there must be to-day not far from 1,400,000 women household servants. The number of families that employ "help" is, of course, a small percentage of the entire population. If every home in the United States were to depend on professional domestic labor, we should need, at a moderate estimate, say, ten million women servants, allowing one servant for the work of two families. Where are these ten million women laborers to come from? Obviously, they can come only from the ranks of the women who have been liberated from the burden of toiling for their husbands and their children. It does not matter whether the cooking or the laundry work of the future will be done in individual homes—Mrs. Gilman says she wants the home preserved—or in great central institutions. Apparently, therefore, the future of woman depends on adopting the institutions of China, where they make a living by taking in each other's wash. Women are to be emancipated in order that they may do each other's cooking. Mrs. Smith will kiss her children good-by and go out to cook Mrs. Brown's dinner. And Mrs. Brown will kiss her children good-by and go out to cook Mrs. Smith's dinner. Being obliged to keep professional hours, however, the chances are that they will have no time to kiss the children good-by.

St. Louis's "triumph" over the billboard nuisance, after a battle of nine years, has a gentleness in its method that will not too severely offend adherents of this style of civic decoration. Its main effect is to stop an insane competition in the size of rival billboards. By the law of 1905, now called into enforcement, the height of each is limited to 14 feet, the length to 50. The gap between two billboards must be all of six feet. All this seems calculated to save the advertiser needless expense, and yet permits of an ample scheme of utilizing vacant lots and glaring walls. But the worst enemy of the billboard can still congratulate himself on certain gains. They are demolishing no less than 1,800 signs which have exceeded the legal limit. Reconstruction will be somewhat checked by a tax of $1 per lineal five feet. Finally, the billboards must leave an open space of four feet from the ground, to avoid the possibility of screening objectionable objects.

There was a time when poetry was not merely the best seller, but the only seller. The court minstrel earned his board and keep by his song, and no literary rival was to be seen anywhere on the horizon. This condition can hardly be restored, but poets will be more than content with Mr. Brett's diagnosis of the present situation. For the first time since Tennyson, he is quoted in the New York *Times* as saying, poets are among best sellers, and he gives cold figures to

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substantiate the statement. Tagore's "The Gardener," according to these statistics, has sold to the extent of 100,000 copies in this country alone. One is bound to agree with Alfred Noyes in his repugnance to the notion that a poet is to be judged or is to weigh his happiness by the amount of his bank account, but in so far as figures of sales indicate a larger interest in poetry, they are most gratifying to everybody who wishes one of the oldest and finest of the arts to have its proper place in the public esteem. Especially interesting is Mr. Brett's explanation of the comparative decline in the popularity of fiction. You can present a story in moving-pictures, he remarks, but not poetry.

The London *Times*, in announcing its reduction of price from two pence to one penny, states that this step has been decided on "in view of the grave importance of the present political situation." The statement made by the publisher of the *Times*, in an interview, is more frank. "In view of the grave importance of the political situation," he says, "the authorities at Printing House Square consider the moment an appropriate one for the issue of the *Times* at its new price." That the moment is well chosen there can be no doubt; that the step itself, however, was to be taken in the near future had for some time been regarded as settled. The change is one that is of interest to the whole English-speaking world; and the question of real concern is neither by what motive it was actuated, nor what financial success may attend it, but whether the character of the paper will be maintained. The change from three pence to two pence, made since Lord Northcliffe took possession, has left the quality of the *Times* in the main what it was before the reduction of price—though not equal to that of the palmiest days of the Thunderer; and we believe that a correct calculation of business results, as well as considerations of journalistic pride and of public spirit, would prescribe maintaining its standard as the only true policy for the London *Times*.

With facts about Shakespeare long in as eager demand as pieces of the true mulberry tree, it is surprising to learn that his cranial classification is just determined. Professor Keith, Conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons Museum in England, announces that Shakespeare was round-headed, and therefore a descendant of the Celtic people who invaded Britain in the Bronze Age. He has the word of anthropologists, moreover, that it is this stock which, diffused over Europe, produced the greatest artists. He estimates, from the Stratford bust, that the poet had a huge brain-capacity for a roundhead—1,540 cubic centimetres. It appears from Dr. Keith that a mere long-head, like Burns, can trust to no advantage of brain capacity to make him more than a second-rate poet. How strong a point is scored here by the admirers of Shakespeare the Baconians will be quick to realize. Unless they can prove that their man had a round head also, and a still more capacious one, their cause will have no standing in the anthropological world.

The glorious proposal for an Authors' Bank has just died in its London cradle, but it is gratifying to learn that Messrs. Zangwill and Marriott have procured a vote favoring a substitute for the institution where young poets were to get a cash advance on manuscripts. The new plan is a trade union. A minimum wage enforced against the sweating publisher was debated, but it was thought that the number willing to print at their own expense made it impracticable:

> Only by strong trade union action could the thing actually be done. Literature is a skilled trade, but every one has some elemental acquaintanceship with its tools. Weak action would be useless; but a militant trade union which contained every author of any status in England might kill some enterprises which are not fit to live, and bring some employers up to a decent standard.

The advance represented by this over the original scheme, as over the French "poets' bank," is in its elimination of the risk run by the cashier in accepting works of genius as collateral. The union acts as holding company for the literary output, and it is the publisher, frantic over idle presses, who hastens to fill out the checks. But with this worldly precaution, the romantic beauty of the project vanishes. Its success lies in banding together writers already successful. It offers no aid to the struggling genius, sure to succeed if only he can find a few pennies for food and a few shillings for attic rent.

To ask whether the Irish have a sense of humor would bring shillelahs about the head of the rash questioner, but it might be safe to ask if they can take a joke. The mobbing of "General John Regan" in Ireland is a case in point. It must have seemed to Canon Hannay as alone deserving another play on the Irish character. And now comes something even more ludicrous. A short time ago, *Punch* had a facetious article on William O'Brien, and his resigning as member for Cork in order to be reëlected. It fancied many more resignations by him on fantastic grounds. But one of his indignant followers wrote to the *Freeman's Journal*, declaring that "this English production will be publicly burned in Cork by 100,000 Cork Nationalists." If each one of the hundred thousand buys a copy of *Punch* in order to burn it, that paper need not mind. The revenge would be as terrible as that taken by the mob on an unpopular banker—gathering all of his banknotes that they could lay their hands upon and burning them.

People who know the Paris *Figaro* sufficiently well to remember its make-up will recall the little figure of the crossed foils which always accompanied the editorial articles on the first page signed by Gaston Calmette. The militant symbol was an announcement of the editor's readiness to be called to account for his statements. It is doubtful, however, whether the editor of the *Figaro* expected to be called to account with such fatal directness as marked the tragedy in the Rue Drouot. The campaign which the *Figaro* has been conducting against M. Caillaux was bitter enough, to be sure, but such press campaigns are far from uncommon in Continental politics, and especially in Paris. If M. Calmette's attacks on the Minister of Finance were exceptionally virulent, the thing to have been expected was that the inevitable meeting on the field of honor between the Cabinet Minister and the editor would be a bit more serious than the ordinary encounter of this sort. But the affair had evidently gone beyond the point where a drop of blood from the forearm would satisfy both parties. In the mind of the hysterical woman who did not hesitate at murder, the issue seems to have presented itself as a choice of disaster for her husband or for his enemy. The publication of a letter in the *Figaro* was the specific cause of the tragedy.

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THE AMENDED TRADES COMMISSION BILL.

The first comment which will be made on the Trades Commission bill, in the new and altered shape in which the House Interstate Commerce Committee is submitting it to Congress, is that the most objectionable features of the original draft have been removed. When it was first drawn up and published, during January, we pointed out that its provisions were inquisitorial in such degree as needlessly and most offensively to annoy a great body of incorporated enterprises to which the real objects of the law had little or no reference. Its mandatory clauses were applied to every corporation, great or small, doing business in more than one State, or with a foreign country.

It required every such corporation to furnish to the Commission whatever information regarding its business, financial condition, and management the Commission might prescribe. Nor was this enough; for the bill gave to the Commission or its agents "complete access to all records, accounts, minutes, books, and papers of such corporations." As if to prove conclusively that the purposes of the bill were nearer to sheer meddlesomeness than to pursuit of a useful public end, the original measure further declared of these highly confidential data that "the Commission shall, from time to time, make public such information, in such form and to such extent as it may deem necessary."

The new bill, whose text was given out on Monday, eliminates for the most part these obnoxious provisions. Its mandatory provisions are now applied to corporations owning or controlling a property of $5,000,000 or more. The kind of information which such a company is to give to the proposed Trades Commission is now reasonably defined in the bill, instead of being left subject to such excessively vague language as the original bill's stipulation of "information to such degree and extent as may be prescribed by the Commission." Direct investigation of the business and records of such a corporation—which, under the original bill, the Commission would have made, and the results of which it would have published, at its own volition—is now proposed only as a result of Executive or Congressional order. Reports of the investigations "may be made public in the discretion of the Commission," but in certain cases they "shall be made public only upon the direction of the President."

We do not say that the bill as now revised is itself satisfactory; in several respects it is not. Its wording is clumsy and obscure in some highly important clauses; one of which, in fact, after exempting from the provisions of the law corporations with less than $5,000,000 capital, thereupon proceeds to include any smaller company "which belongs to any class of corporations which the Commission may make." This utterly vague declaration, which no other section of the bill explains, might quite conceivably result in subjecting the entire application of the law to the whim of the Commission. But such defects are susceptible of amendment in the nature of definition or limitation; the essential fact is that a bill which was objectionable from start to finish is replaced by a bill which, with some obvious alterations, might be made properly workable. In reality, it adds little to the powers possessed by the existing Bureau of Corporations; the main difference being that the law which in 1903 created that Bureau provides that its officers begin their investigations only "under the direction and control of the Secretary of Commerce," instructs it to make its reports only "to the President from time to time, as he shall require," and authorizes its publication only "as the President may direct."

What the prospects are of enacting this revised bill we do not know. The aspect of the matter which most impresses us, however, is the plain indication, from the manner in which the House committee has dealt with the original and faulty measure, that the present Congress is capable of statesmanlike deliberation, even in the case of measures having more or less of indiscriminate popular clamor behind them. This is equally evident from the manner in which the proposals for sweeping prohibition of holding companies, and for "definition of restraint of trade," have similarly had to run the gantlet of thorough and judicial examination in committee—with the result that the measures have not been drawn up at all in the shape originally expected, and probably never will be. The action of Congress, thus far, on these various measures, fairly supplements its action on the Currency bill in showing by facts, and not merely words, that the business community's dread, a year ago, lest we were entering an era of reckless and purely destructive legislation, was unfounded.

We are nevertheless inclined to repeat the expression of regret which we made at the time this new "Trust legislation" was announced as on the programme. We said then, and we believe now, that both Congress and the Administration would occupy a stronger position, at the end of the present session, if they had left these additional and purely experimental corporation measures alone. By confining themselves to the session's necessary legislation, after the quite unprecedented achievements of the extra session, both legislative and executive branches of Government would have retained the enviable reputation, for courage and progressiveness combined with useful conservatism, which the whole community conceded to them three months ago.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S PROTEST.

A fine flame of righteous indignation burns in John Galsworthy's letter, printed in the London *Times* under the title, "The Heartlessness of Parliament." He cites "a few only of the abhorrent things done daily, daily left undone; done and left undone, without shadow of doubt, against the conscience and general will of the community." All of them, he declares, are removable, and many of them by small expenditure of Parliamentary time, public money, and expert care. "And I say it is rotten," he exclaims, "that, for mere want of Parliamentary interest and time, we cannot have manifest and stinking sores such as these treated and banished once for all from the nation's body."

Mr. Galsworthy's outburst of fiery impatience with the slow process of human betterment will stir many souls, and may result in some practical steps towards making the way of humane legislation easier. It is doubtless true that a considerable element in the difficulty of passing some measures of that nature is the mere heavy-footedness of law-making bodies, or, as Mr. Galsworthy puts it, "mere want of Parliamentary interest and time." It is possible that his appeal may start a movement for the devotion of some definite part of the time of Parliament to the consideration of such

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measures. But if this gifted novelist and reformer really thinks that the difficulty lies no deeper than this, that it can be overcome by a mere readjustment of the time-schedule of Parliament, he falls into an error from which a man of his intellectual rank might be supposed to be exempt. In the list of ten abuses which he names as crying out for immediate abolition there are, indeed, some which an energetic drive in Parliament, given a fair chance, would suffice to bring to an end; but there are others, and these incomparably the biggest, which are of a totally different character. A bill to prohibit "mutilation of horses by docking" might perhaps be quickly passed, if Parliament would but give it attention; but does Mr. Galsworthy really think that nothing but the assignment of a certain number of hours to its consideration stands in the way of ending the "employment of boys on work that to all intents ruins their chances in after life" or the "insufficient feeding of children"? To imagine such a thing is to show that one lives, after all, in an unreal world—a world in which the whole problem of the statesman is to think what ought to be and compare it with what is.

It will not do to load too much of the blame on the adventitious element in the case. As regards the really difficult problems—the problems of labor and of poverty—the trouble, as we have said, lies deep in the nature of the question; but even as to the others, what are the facts about the feeling of the public? How many persons in England have ever bothered their heads over "export of horses worn out in work for Englishmen"? What proportion of the people of Great Britain are convinced that there ought to be a law forbidding the caging of song-birds? It may, indeed, be the duty of Parliament to act in these particular matters without waiting for any pressure from public opinion. But, as Mr. Galsworthy himself says, the things he cites are "a few only" of the things that are demanded by this or that group of humanitarians; and if Parliament were to pass the whole mass of measures about which one or another of these groups feels just as intensely as Mr. Galsworthy does about his, we rather fancy that the average Englishman would give Parliament a piece of his mind. And incidentally, how is it that John Galsworthy himself can find it in his heart to enjoy a vacation at Taormina—whence his letter is dated—while the hideous brutalities he speaks of are filling his soul with indignation and rage?

In the field of social betterment there has been in England a great deal of hard work, and a great deal of progress, in the past fifteen or twenty years. If there has not been more, it is not because Parliament has been too sparing of its time; it has been for two very substantial reasons—that those who desire the pace to be faster are very much perplexed as to ways and means, and that there are many who think that the pace has in some respects been not too slow, but too fast. A curious sidelight is thrown on Mr. Galsworthy's perception of the realities of political struggle by what he says about the time wasted in debate on the Home Rule bill. He speaks of the hours spent on it "*since the last new thing was said on both sides*," giving to the phrase the emphasis of italics, in token, no doubt, of the importance of his discovery. But what the contestants are bent upon in a grim struggle like that is not to say a "new thing," but to hold up their end by hook or by crook. They are fighting out an age-long fight; what they are really carrying on is a trial of strength, not a trial of wits. Whatever they may think about the Poor Laws, or the regulation of sweatshops, it is out of the question to substitute a discussion of these things for the fighting out of the Home Rule issue. While that fight is going on, the other class of questions are doubtless considered by Government experts and Royal Commissions, the results of whose labors will in due time be laid before Parliament; and that is all that could be done in any case.

WESTINGHOUSE AND HIS TIMES.

No one will, we think, deny that George Westinghouse has been one of the great figures of American business and industrial life for the last forty years. To few men is it given to achieve such success by inventions so early in life as he, and to still fewer is vouchsafed the creation of great manufacturing enterprises, employing thousands upon thousands of men, along lines of the greatest value to everybody. Westinghouse and Edison illustrate to best advantage that organization of society which gives free scope to individual talent and places no limit upon the legitimate rewards it may reap. Both began without inherited wealth, and both have contributed enormously to the revolution in social and industrial life due to the utilization of electricity. Mr. Westinghouse's claim to popular fame lay, of course, more in the railway field than in the electrical; one has only to contemplate what wonders have been accomplished by his air-brake in safeguarding life to understand that he is entitled to be known as a benefactor of humanity.

In the electrical world he was, perhaps, more an adapter and organizer than an inventor; but a great and never-to-be-forgotten service was in connection with the development of the alternating current system for light and power. For this he received, only two years ago, the Edison gold medal of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, than which, we fancy, no honor could have been more welcome, since it was Edison himself who in the beginning most bitterly opposed the introduction of the alternating current, calling it "impractical and deadly." In this contest between these two men of vision, Westinghouse saw the furthest and the deepest; and his dogged pertinacity in sticking to his views in the face of ridicule and protest illustrated the strength of his character. It was only in the financial field that Mr. Westinghouse appeared unpractical; there his dreams betrayed him, his visions led him astray. But no financial failure could daunt his spirit or check the fertility of his brain, as is illustrated by his recent invention of the air-spring, which, if properly developed, should become indispensable in the operating of motor cars. More than 15,000 patents were controlled by him, and he held more than 300 for his own individual inventions.

Withal, he never for a moment lost his interest in the individual workingman; though he could snatch a tool from a mechanic and indignantly show him wherein he was doing his work badly, he never forgot that man's welfare. He was always a regular attendant at the meetings of the association of original employees of his airbrake works. Who can measure the benefits conferred upon labor by this man, whom so many of our fellow-citizens would denounce and strip because he achieved wealth as the

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result of his genius? Even with genius, success does not come without constant application and study, and, in Mr. Westinghouse's sphere nowadays, not without enormous, unfruitful expenditure. Like Edison, he thought nothing of expending a hundred thousand dollars or several hundred thousand dollars to search for a new method or to demonstrate the feasibility, or the reverse, of a new device. Of this the very large sum spent in developing the Nernst lamp is a case in point, and the clearest proof that there is no royal road to wealth, even when one controls patents which should insure a rich reward to inventor or exploiter.

But no review of Mr. Westinghouse's career can fail to take note of the extraordinary period in which he lived—truly the golden age of invention and industrial development. The submarine cable, the telephone, the electric light, the ocean greyhound, the conquest of the air by flying machines and of the ether by wireless, the automobile—these are but a few of the marvels of science which came to pass during Mr. Westinghouse's lifetime, and are accepted as a matter of course by the oncoming generation. Indeed, one may almost say that his sixty-eight years embrace the whole history of the railway. In all this, nothing has been more marvellous than the development of electrical and hydro-electrical power plants, the harnessing of the streams and rivers, the transmission of power over long distances, and the lighting of cities, for a large share of which thanks are again due to Mr. Westinghouse for his devotion to the alternating current, so brilliantly illustrated by the lighting of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Few to-day realize that the first electric trolley car was run by Frank J. Sprague in 1887, not thirty years ago; that the first arc light attracted great crowds in this city about 1880; that the first steamer equipped with incandescent electric light in the face of the opposition of the underwriters left this city for the Pacific in 1881; that the telephone is but thirty-four years old, the automobile less than twenty. Never has the general welfare been so subserved by industry and invention as during the last few decades, and never has human progress been so rapid. Fortunate, indeed, is the nation which can take the lead in these matters by the aid of such talents as those of George Westinghouse.

RELIGION WITH A "PUNCH."

What is the most humiliating task that a man of intellect and character can be asked to undertake? We should say that it was to find a justification for what he heartily disbelieves in; to set up a defence for what shocks and repels and saddens him; to work out a philosophy which is as a mantle of charity to be thrown about things demoralizing or disgusting. Men in many different walks of life are called upon to stoop to this. The college president is expected to argue that the apotheosis of athletics makes for mental discipline and sound learning. The journalist is looked to for a glozing over of the offences of sensational newspapers. He can be seen doing it in the last *Atlantic*. But the spectacle is perhaps never so depressing as when those set apart to teach morals and religion cast about to find reasons for approving and supporting what in their hearts they must abhor.

The latest example of this to fall under notice is the attitude of some New York clergymen towards the Rev. Billy Sunday. His address in Carnegie Hall last week was his first in this city, we believe, but was only a repetition of the kind of sermons he has been delivering in various parts of the West for some years. Against the man himself, we have not a word to say. His sincerity we do not question. Nor do we doubt that he has helped some men to a better life. It appears to be well established that his "booze sermon" has led drunkards here and there to reform. But the point is that he makes of religion a huge sensation and a blazing vulgarity. He speaks of the most sacred things in the language of the saloon, the race-track, and the gutter. His rudest sneers are for ministers of religion whom he calls "fudge-eating mollycoddles," and for church-members, of whom a frequent description by him is that they are a "world-loving, dancing, card-playing, whiskey-guzzling, gin-fizzling, wine-sizzling, novel-reading crowd." As for professors in theological seminaries, what he would do with them is to "stand them on their heads in mud-puddles." His general style of speech is well exemplified in his saying in one Western city, that he was going to stay there and preach "till hell freezes over, and then I'm going to get a pair of skates and keep on soaking it into Satan."

Now, it is in behalf of such a man and such methods that educated religious teachers are inventing apologies that read for all the world like apologies for yellow journalism. Vulgar, yes; demoralizing, certainly; but only see how it circulates. The Rev. Mr. Sunday sets every nerve in a deeply reverent nature tingling with pain and shame, but only observe how the crowd runs after him. "Tabernacles" are built for him in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. Millions have thronged to hear him. He talks to them, to be sure, in the language of a newsboy or a longshoreman, but his own defence is that if he used such polite words as the clergy he wouldn't have larger numbers to preach to than they do. His recipe for reaching the crowd is very simple: "I loaded my old muzzle-loading gospel gun with ipecac, buttermilk, rough on rats, rock salt, and whatever else came handy, and the gang has been ducking and the feathers flying ever since." Noise and numbers! There it is, the old fallacy made to excuse such a treatment of religion as really tears up its deepest roots. The old notion about the Lord not being in the earthquake but in the still small voice has become ridiculously obsolete. Conversions to the accompaniment of a brass band and shouting thousands are the great proof of spiritual power to-day.

A book has just been published (F. H. Revell) on "The Real Billy Sunday." It is written by the Rev. Elijah P. Brown, D.D., who further identifies himself as "Ram's Horn Brown." It is right enough that a volume should be devoted to a great religious phenomenon—for this Mr. Sunday unquestionably is. Mr. Brown recites the facts of his life, the circumstances of his becoming religious, with many details about his subsequent activity and enormous success. Sunday has simply developed sensationalism in the *n*th power, and applied it to the work of saving souls. He is adrip with the slang of the slums. He claps Jehovah familiarly on the back. He puts a smear as of the barroom over the holy things. But countless thousands fight to hear him. He gets the crowd. And that is enough, even in religion! As he himself says, he "hands out the

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goods," he "dopes it out for the Lord," he pitches "hot ones" to that "smooth guy," the devil. At last, religion has got its "punch"!

PH.D.

The time has come when a serious attempt must be made to determine Gilbert and Sullivan's permanent place in the world of creative art. A brief review of the musical-comedy output during the last theatrical season will convince any one that we are sufficiently far removed from "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" to insure a true perspective.

Happily, the material for a systematic examination of the subject is accessible. It is true that we are still without a definitive text of the Gilbert librettos. For this we must wait until Professor Rücksack, of the University of Kissingen, has published the results of his monumental labors. So far, we have from his learned pen only the text for the first half of the second act of "The Mikado." This is in accordance with the best traditions of German scholarship, which demand that the second half of anything shall be published before the first half. In the meanwhile, there are several editions of Gilbert available, which, though somewhat imperfect, ought to present no difficulties to the scholar. For example, in the edition of "The Mikado" issued at Chattanooga last year, the text reads:

> And he whistled an air, did he,
> As the sabre true
> Cut cleanly through
> His servical vertebrae!

where "servical" is evidently a misprint for "cervical." So, too, the trained eye will at once discern that in the following passage from the Peers' chorus in "Iolanthe":

> 'Twould fill with joy
> And madness stark
> The hoi polloi
> (A Greek rebark),

the sense is greatly improved by reading "remark" for "rebark," unless we argue that the chorus had a slight cold in the head, an assumption which nothing in the text would justify us in bringing forward, and which, indeed, would be contradicted by the highly emphasized summer style in which the chorus is apparelled. Thus forewarned, then, we are ready to enter upon a detailed examination of the intensely animated personages in whom Sir William S. Gilbert has embodied his *ultima ratio*, his *dernier cri*, and his *Weltanschauung*.

In Ko-Ko, the author has given us a Man, with none of the sentimentalities of August Strindberg, with nothing of the limited, vegetarian outlook upon life of Bernard Shaw, with nothing of the over-refinement of Mrs. Wharton. Ko-Ko is atingle with all the passion and faults of humanity. He is both matter and spirit. He comes close to us in his rare flashes of insight and in his moments of poignant imbecility. The human being is not lost in the Lord High Executioner. He is alive straight through to his entrails and liver, as Jack London might say. He is infinite, even as life is infinite. He is, by turns, affable, as with Pitti-Sing; cynically disdainful, as with Pooh-Bah; paternal, as with Nanki-Poo.

In the presence of Yum-Yum he is that most appealing figure, a strong man in love torn between desire and duty. The firmness with which he rejects the suggestion that he decapitate himself, arguing that in the nature of things such an operation was bound to be injurious to his professional reputation, reveals a character of almost Roman austerity. There is something of the Roman, too—or shall we say something of the German?—in the thoroughness with which he would enter on his career. He would prepare himself for his functions as Lord High Executioner by beginning on a guinea pig and working his way through the animal kingdom till he came to a second trombone. This is the old standard of conscientiousness of which our modern world knows so little.

And yet a very modern man withal, this Ko-Ko. Mr. Chesterton would have loved him, and would have had no difficulty in proving that his name should be pronounced not Ko-Ko, but the second syllable before the first. He is modern in his extraordinary adaptability to time and circumstance. Starting life as a tailor, he adapts himself to the august functions of Lord High Executioner. He adapts himself to Yum-Yum. He adapts himself to Katisha. No sooner is he released from prison to become Lord High Executioner than he has ready his convenient little list of people who never would be missed. Of his powers of persuasion we need not speak at great length. His wooing of Katisha is a triumph of romantic eloquence. It carries everything before it, as in that superb climax when Katisha inquires whether it is all true about the unfortunate little tom-tit on a tree by the river, and Ko-Ko replies: "I knew the bird intimately." He is modern through and through, our Ko-Ko. He is at one with Henri Bergson in asserting that existence is not stationary, but in constant flux, and that the universe takes on meaning only from our moods:

> The flowers that bloom in the spring,
> Tra la,
> Have nothing to do with the case.

Far less subtle a character is the Lord High Chancellor in "Iolanthe," although, within the well-defined limitations of his type, he is as real as Ko-Ko. Like Ko-Ko he has risen from humble beginnings. But whereas our Japanese hero attains fortune by trusting himself boldly and joyfully to life, letting the currents carry him whither they will, like Byron, like Peer Gynt, and like Capt. Hobson, the Lord High Chancellor's rise is the result of painful concentration and steadfast plodding. Ko-Ko is at various times the statesman, the poet, the lover, the man of the world (as when he is tripped up by the Mikado's umbrella-carrier). The Lord High Chancellor is always a lawyer. In response to Strephon's impassioned cry that all Nature joins him in pleading his love, that dry legal soul can only remark that an affidavit from a thunderstorm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

Plainly, we have here a man who has won his way to the highest place in his profession by humdrum methods; the same methods which Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., employed when, by writing in a hand of remarkable roundness and fluency, he became the ruler of the Queen's navee; the same methods brought into play by Major-General Stanley, of the British army and Penzance, when he qualified himself for his high position by memorizing a great many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse.

There is matter enough for an entire volume on Gilbert's self-made men—Ko-Ko, the Lord High Chancellor, Major-General Stanley, and the lawyer in "Trial by Jury," who laid the foundation of his fortunes by marrying a rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter. The suggestion is made in the hope that it will be some day taken up as the subject of a Ph.D. thesis in the University of Alaska. That is only one hint of the unworked treasures of research that await the student in these librettos. How valuable would be a really comprehensive monograph on the royal attendants in Gilbert, including a comparison of the Mikado's umbrella-carrier with the Lord High Chancellor's train-bearers!

REVIEWING THE REVIEWER.

The despotism of the professional critic—literary, art, or dramatic—is one of the forms of social injustice against which a hard-driven democracy frequently revolts; so frequently, indeed, that one is surprised not to find a plank in the Progressive platform for the Federal regulation of interstate criticism. Most often the bitter plaint comes from the great army of creative artists, publishers, and producers. The occasion, rather strangely, is, as a rule, the publication of an unfavorable review. Managing editors seldom find letters like the following on their desks, or if they find them they apparently suppress them in accordance with the well-known tendency of the newspapers to suppress things:

DEAR SIR: In your issue of last Monday an ignorant reviewer, in commenting on my latest novel, "Why She Didn't," ventures to put it beside the best of Thackeray and Balzac. You and he and I know that this isn't true, and in the interest of honest art I protest against the framing of comparisons that can only make the judicious grieve and cause dead authors to turn in their graves. My book is a pot-boiler. I put the best that is in me to make it such, and nothing that you may say can alter the fact. I trust you will give this letter as much publicity as you did the original review. Is your critic dishonest, or merely illiterate?

No; the letters that reach the managing editor nearly always have a different tone. Unfavorable reviews are roundly denounced, and favorable reviews are thankfully appreciated. Putting both kinds of correspondence side by side, the managing editor learns that his reviewer is an incompetent and disingenuous

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trifler, whose learning and fine sense of discrimination cannot be too widely recognized.

But it is not always the persons directly interested who protest against unfavorable criticism. The general public will occasionally intervene, and writers and artists not implicated in the specific review will chafe under the self-assumed authority of the man who criticises for pay. Sometimes his motives are aspersed. Sometimes his mere human limitations are brought into the discussion. Thus the promoters of a new London literary weekly announce in their prospectus that the paper "will not rely upon the jaded taste of one exclusive dramatic critic, but will publish the opinions of a variety of qualified writers." The scheme is not a bad one. Instead of having one review of a book or a play, have five reviews from several different points of view; this will surely do away with the autocratic element in criticism. But note what a writer in the London *Athenæum* proposes: nothing less than a Review published and written by authors. As matters stand at present, "reviewing is chaotic, and an intending reader is bewildered by conflicting pronouncements." Whether multiplying the number of reviewers by five would render critical opinion less chaotic is an open question. Whether the reviewing of poems and novels by poets and novelists would be always just and discriminating also calls for consideration.

Yet the problem of the jaded professional appetite cannot be put aside. The only question is, what is one going to do about it? Is the professional reviewer to be abolished? We doubt whether many would favor such a plan. The writer of the *Athenæum* letter uses a suggestive phrase, "the intending reader." The reader of newspaper criticism does turn to the reviews for some lead as to how he may most profitably spend his two dollars for a theatre seat or his dollar-fifty for a novel. The newspaper reviewer is his taster. Appetites may grow jaded, and yet there are tea-tasters and wine-tasters who draw very handsome salaries. Why should it be assumed that the dramatic critic's appetite necessarily grows stale with practice? As a matter of fact, it frequently does. But why should it be assumed that he fails to make allowance for that fact? Those who have written reviews and those who have edited them know well enough how hard the average reviewer will strive to make allowances, how he will try to find all the good there is to be said for a production which as a whole he thinks bad; and that if the reviewer finally does hit out it is because, with the best will in the world, the stuff he is concerned with is hopeless by æsthetic standards, or utterly reprehensible by moral standards.

But there are standards and standards. Why should one individual seek to impose his own upon the crowd? I am not speaking now from the point of view of the highest conception of criticism. There are editors and reviewers, no doubt, who regard it as their duty to make no compromise with popular taste, where such taste obviously sets in towards mediocrity or sheer emptiness. Such a reviewer will maintain that it is wrong to speak of the great mass of popular fiction as harmless merely because it is written for the hour, and with no other intention than to kill that hour or two for the reader. A continued diet of literary pap, in the eyes of such a critic, is bound to bring about a state of mental and æsthetic debility in the reader which is more harmful to the welfare of the race than if people did not read at all. The robust, primitive strength of sheer illiteracy is preferable to the flabby culture that feeds on best-sellers and plays with a "punch." And yet for our present purposes, let it be admitted that this lofty standard of a critic's duty is altogether too rigid for the uses of our democracy. The reviewer I have in mind is the one who is perfectly willing to accept the fact that the great mass of books of to-day, while not literature, still calls for sympathetic consideration. In appraising the vast output from the fiction mills he is prepared to lay aside the standards of great fiction. The question is whether he is to throw away all standards, whether his book-notices are to consist of a simple statement of what the book is about, supplemented by praise when he thinks the book worth while; and when the book is not worth while, whether he shall say nothing.

Well, this method has been tried, too, and commercially it is probably the most successful method that can be practiced. Yet let no one imagine that it leaves author or producer altogether satisfied. The author, in his heart of hearts, aspires to be the artist and finds himself longing for true appraisal in place of puffery. The author's financial backer is too good a business man not to be aware that a steady flow of treacle in the review columns is apt to cloy the public appetite. The author wants assurance that his reviewer is not a hired press-agent, but he wants to be reassured at some one else's expense. From A's point of view it would be much better if a little gall were occasionally mixed with the honey, and he thinks that the occasional damning of a book by C, D, or F would increase the prestige of criticism. And C, D, and F think that the best interests of literature demand the occasional slating of a book by A. So it is not rare to hear authors, publishers, producers complain of an excess of saccharine criticism. The invincibly fresh appetite is not quite what they want. What they do want is a fine and discriminating taste that shall infallibly recognize the high merits of the particular book or play in which they are interested.

The critic does not impose his standards. He is an expert who simply announces his findings, and it is for the customer to decide whether he will buy or not. Play-producers have often protested against the critic's habit of overlooking the enormous expenditure of effort, hopes, and money involved in the staging of a play, and the loss its failure must mean to writer, producer, and actors. That puts criticism on a purely business basis. It is an argument which reacts with deadly force against those who bring it forward. If the manufacturer of a new ketchup submits his samples to the Bureau of Chemistry, he will hardly argue that the size of his investment should have anything to do with the chemist's analysis. The purveyors of mineral water depend very largely on the chemist's tables for their advertising effects. So does the tea and wine and cereal food merchant. The more you view art as a business, the stronger the argument becomes for a professional taster of art.

Another way of summing up the indictment against the professional reviewer is to say that he is not representative of the common mass of taste and opinion. He may be unrepresentative either because he knows too much—the "highbrow" curse—or because he knows nothing. Just why a reviewer should be representative of common opinion is not very clear. His work is not that of a prophet, but of a judge after the event. One can easily imagine how immensely valuable the gift of knowing what the public will like would be to those who act as literary advisers for publishers and play-producers. It must be extremely useful for a literary entrepreneur to have about him a taster of whom he can say, "What this man likes, one hundred thousand other people will like." Such a man's opinion determines the nature of the product, determines whether the product shall be marketed or not. But once the product is put on the market, there is no longer need for a prophet. The venture has been made; the prophet must make way for the judge. What difference does it make whether the judge thinks like a hundred thousand other people, or thinks along his own lines? Provided he is honest, he will deliver decision according to the merits of the case. Personally, the chemist may detest ketchup.

But more than that. The accusation that a reviewer's opinion is not at all representative may possibly hold against the critic who knows too much; it does not detract from the authority of the reviewer who is accused of knowing too little. It may be unjust to have the

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merits of a "crook" melodrama or a book of Wild West fiction passed upon by a "highbrow" literary taster. But if author and publisher are really anxious to get a line on public opinion, whose opinion can be more convincing than that of the reviewer who is not better informed on his subject than a hundred other men who might be picked up by chance on Park Row or Broadway? I am not so sure but that this may be the best way of selecting a literary or dramatic reviewer for a great metropolitan paper. And lest the reviewer's taste grow jaded, his tenure of office might be limited to a week, or even less. There is no reason why every new play and every new book might not be reviewed by somebody fresh from the street, bringing with him no standards of artificial culture, no preconceived notions based on acquaintance with the author's previous work. For that matter, it is a method that to a very considerable extent is already being practiced. The habit is common of advertising the opinions of non-professional critics, to serve either as a reinforcement or as a counterbalance to what the professional critic may have said. The practice has not been carried to its fullest logical development, because the opinions printed are usually of well-known actresses, clergymen, and social reformers. To the extent that they are notabilities, their views can hardly be representative of the taste of the general public. The opinions of a dozen men taken from the City Directory would be better. Still it is an advance.

In all seriousness I believe that much is to be said in favor of substituting some such system of criticism by partial plébiscite for the present system of individual reviewers. It would be perfectly sound business and perfectly honest business to find a half-dozen men of note who really like a book, and to print their opinions at space rates instead of letting the book take its chances at the hands of some almostunknown reviewer. If the writer of the present article were the author of a book and could obtain endorsements from Mr. William Dean Howells, Dr. Parkhurst, Mr. George W. Perkins, and several Y. M. C. A. secretaries, he would be rather indifferent as to what the hired men of the press might think. This does not contradict what has been said before as to the undesirability of having five different men review the same book or play. That proposal was based on the assumption that the views of these five men would show a wide range of difference. This would indeed make criticism chaotic. The ideal is to obtain five men who are all agreed —in favor of the book or play.

The revolt against criticism regularly arrives nowhere. Common-sense asserts itself to show that if you want judgments, you must have a judge, though occasionally one may be tempted to exercise the recall on his decisions. It is all very well to say, "I know what I like, and the self-constituted critic may go hang." The multi-millionaire from Pittsburgh may like chromos, but when he wants to buy a Velasquez he goes to some one who can tell him whether Velasquez painted the picture. There is a kind of taste in art which is not individual and arbitrary, which is not taste at all, but knowledge. The issue is between a trained palate which sometimes grows jaded and no palate at all. As a matter of fact, the indignant victim of criticism does not know which he wants. Sometimes his critic knows too much. Sometimes he doesn't know enough. The appellant simply knows what he doesn't like in the way of criticism, and that is anything that hurts.

S. S.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE'S STAKE IN THE MEXICAN TROUBLE—APPEAL BY FRENCHMEN IN MEXICO TO EUROPEAN POWERS.

PARIS, February 21.

The following passages are a faithful résumé of an appeal made by Frenchmen in Mexico to the European Powers most interested—England, France, Germany, Spain. These are "particularly authorized to speak up for the protection of their citizens and their invested capital, both of which are in danger."

France holds Mexican investments to the amount of several thousand million francs—more than $1,000,000,000 exclusive of property owned by Frenchmen living in the country—in Government funds, in banks and railways, and in business enterprises of every kind, electric transportation, mills, and factories, etc. "It is necessary to say this because the United States ignores systematically the share taken by France in the development of Mexico. Official documents make no mention of it. The American press is mute concerning it. Open an American guide-book to Mexico and you will find everything in it except the French colony and French business enterprises."

Among such enterprises, the appeal cites mines like the Dos Estrellas and El Boleo; El Buen Tono tobacco manufactory in the City of Mexico; the textile fabrication at Orizaba; and the big French shops in Mexican cities, modelled after the Paris Bon Marché. "In nearly all the banks, it is chiefly French money. Our merchants have obtained a first place in importation. The French resident colony numbers more than 4,000, and comes immediately after the American and Spanish colonies and ahead of the German and English."

The appeal goes on to attribute the "American error" to the idea that Mexico is a "Latin Republic," whereas it is in reality an "Indian Empire." This mistake it considers radical. First, it argues from the Mexican population in round figures —only 3,000,000 of white race out of a total 15,000,000, while of the remaining 12,000,000 only half are of mixed white blood, leaving 6,000,000 pure Indians. The Mexican Republic has never cared to commemorate the European conquest and colonization, and when the Spanish Ambassador, at the diplomatic New Year's reception, recalled the "Spanish origin" of Mexicans, President Porfirio Diaz answered: "That is true—in part!"

The usual arguments—from the character of the population—are presented to show the impossibility of any genuine republican or constitutional system working in Mexico as the United States and Europe understand a republic. A native authority, J. Sierra, is quoted: "What part can universal suffrage play in a new country where the principles of national representation exist only in an embryo state, where there has been no political education, where school instruction is all but non-existent, and where a population thinly scattered over an immensity of space vaguely aspires to a well-being which it cannot define itself?"

This may be compared with the letter of an Englishman resident in Spanish America for thirty-five years: "I doubt if any voter would be able to give any reason for supporting any particular candidate, either Presidential or Congressional. He might reply, 'He belongs to my party,' or, 'He is a good man,' or 'He is a member of my family,' or 'He is an intimate friend of mine,' or, 'He will give our city water-works,' etc., etc. Note that in every case it is the man that is voted for; whereas in the United States it is principles that are voted for, not the man." The French colonists' despairing appeal adds to this:

From the hot lands of equatorial climate to high plateaus at an altitude of 9,000 feet, the mixture of the elements of the population is such that all is varied and confused, and without real cohesion —unless when at great moments the instinct of national defence is awaked.

The American thesis (President Wilson's) is just—ideally—and we admit it willingly. But we are face to face—not with a theoretic problem, but with the Mexican situation as it exists. Suppose that Huerta withdraws, or is conquered. There must still be the mockery of elections making a choice among rival leaders. Why should Zapata obey Carranza? Why should Carranza be in command of Villa? And what are the others going to do—Pablo Gonzales, Torribio Ortega, Eulalio Gutierrez, Aguilar—not to choose among these adventurers of insurrection?

No; the law of the strongest will have to speak again—amid new upsettings a single one will have to impose his rule—and everything will begin all over again.

It is the duty of the great Powers to come to an agreement and make North America understand that there is also a Europe in existence—and that the long patience of Europe is exhausted. It is time that French, English, Spanish, German citizens should have their interests and their properties defended. We desire a collective and friendly communication of European Governments with President Wilson, to obtain from him, if not a declaration, at least an attitude of neutrality in conformity with the United States' recognition of Mexican Federal power.

At this writing, there is a rumor that a Frenchman—Henry Simon, or Samson—has been "executed" somewhere in Mexico, like the English Benton; also, that Germany is again feeling the way to concerted action on the part of the four European Powers most concerned. No one

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imagines that orders already given by France to Ambassador Jusserand—to adhere to the policy of Washington just as far as possible—will be modified essentially. But there is an uneasy feeling, in political and financial circles, that something has to be done. S. D.

EFFECTS OF THE BALKAN WAR—OTHER PROBLEMS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

VIENNA, March 1.

Commercial depression owing to the political troubles of last year has reduced the demand for all kinds of commodities in Austria-Hungary this year to a minimum. The fear of further difficulty, because Russia is spending $375,000,000 on railways, many of them strategic lines to the Austrian frontier, and is forming four new army corps, has kept up the feeling of disquiet. The unrest has manifested itself in a disinclination to use money in that class of investment which depends upon the political situation, and in many cases persons of means have placed their principal in other countries, or invested it in stock which would be unaffected by any upheaval, either in Austria or in the Balkans.

This is especially the case in Galicia, where many aristocrats have left the country for the south of France, and where business is at a standstill. Appeals have been made by the authorities at Lemberg to the central Government in Vienna for assistance for the unemployed, and since last Christmas several thousands of dollars have been distributed to the starving. The distress, however, is much too widespread to be relieved by doles of money. The people of Lemberg and other towns gave evidence of the straits to which they had been reduced by a great demonstration. Shops were plundered of food, and similar riots took place in Budapest this week, while passive demonstrations of the unemployed have been held in Vienna.

Unless the financial situation greatly improves immediately, there is likely to be great trouble in the country generally. The Ministers of Finance, both in Vienna and Budapest, may promise to suggest that money be lent on mortgage and devoted to building purposes, but they are not likely to take more than a mild interest in such a measure, while the Common Finance Minister is pressing so hard for money. He is pointing out that every available cent must be devoted to military preparations, and that it is the duty of every patriot to put money into the funds. There is also a lack of small dwellings, municipal action being already necessary in Vienna to provide apartments for workers. The relief given, however, is by no means in proportion to the demand, and the new houses are let from cellar to attic, before the foundations have been laid. The city is considering plans for constructing an underground railway, so that cheap workmen's flats can be built outside the town; but at the earliest the railway cannot be opened for three or four years, and meanwhile the trouble increases. The number of unemployed grows, while the overcrowding gets worse from day to day. This applies to Budapest as well as Vienna.

The question of duelling in the army has been ventilated in Vienna this week on account of a tragic case in Budapest, in which a lieutenant was shot by his brother-in-law. The whole thing originated in some trivial dispute between a husband and wife. The wife says that her husband always boasted that he had fought nineteen duels, and she longed to pit him against her brother, whom she believed to be the better shot. To accomplish her object, she repeated some expression used by her husband in regard to her family, and her brother appealed to the commander-in-chief at Budapest for instructions. He feared that if he failed to challenge his brother-in-law he should be branded as a coward, and perhaps cashiered.

The commander appointed as seconds two hot-tempered officers who virtually forced the men to fight, although both were unwilling. The brother-in-law attempted to fire to one side, but, owing to his ignorance of the weapon, killed his man. The incident has excited widespread indignation, and it is probable that the entire law regarding the obligation of men in uniform to enter duels will be revised.

The University of Vienna has taken an action in full accord with the spirit of the nation in proceeding to limit the number of students of medicine who may be accepted each year. The authorities take it for granted that all these students will become practicing physicians, and that the profession in a few years will be overcrowded. There is no doubt that the number of academically educated men in Austria is too great, and that the cheap facilities for acquiring a degree, the expense of which at most amounts to a few dollars, and in cases of proven poverty is remitted altogether, are producing a class of men unfitted for their work in life. L. R.

THE FAMINE IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, February 14.

Nearly one-tenth of the population of Japan is undergoing the worst famine that the country has had for more than 100 years. This has been brought on by the failure of the fishing industry and the almost entire failure last year of the rice crop in the northeastern and northern districts known as Tohoku and Hokkaido. The failure of the rice crop in these districts was owing chiefly to cold weather during the summer; the rice did not head up. And the cause of the cold weather—cold ocean currents—kept the fish away from their usual runs and at great distances from the shores.

An official report, issued by the Home Office, states that nearly 10,000,000 persons are in the famine district. A conservative estimate places the number who are now in urgent need of food at 200,000. That the distress is already very real is shown by the many appeals for assistance which are sent to the Tokio press and to charitable organizations.

Before the general public knew of the conditions in the north, persons who deal in humanity were already in the affected districts, gathering young girls to fill the brothels and factories of the cities. Girls from fifteen to twenty have been arriving in Tokio in large numbers, their parents having been willing, in numerous instances, to sell them.

Plans are making to relieve the suffering, through the press, through a special relief organization made up of Tokio business men and officials, and through missionary organizations. The Government has set aside 6,000,000 yen for aid. But the difficulty with this is that it is not meant to supply food directly to the sufferers. The money is to be loaned to various village and prefectural authorities to be used in paying for special work, in order that the people may help themselves, and is to be paid back to the Government within a period of twenty years. Moreover, of this six million yen, only two and one-half millions are to be used this year. The remainder will be distributed next year to help in paying for seed rice. It will perhaps be two or three months before a comprehensive report of the conditions can be made. Even with the aid that is now offered, and with the coming of spring, the suffering will not be over. Months must pass before another rice crop can be harvested, and the people must live, acquire strength to carry on their work, and must have seed for planting. J. B. A.

Imagination in College

A SYMPOSIUM.

[Not many years ago the complaint was occasionally heard that college training was a handicap to a young man who proposed to enter upon a career of business, and that if later he chanced to outstrip the clerk who had four years' start of him, it was by virtue rather of native talents than of his higher education. The past decade has seen a marked change of front on the part of colleges generally, the prevailing aim having been, despite a few strong protests within their ranks, to prepare youths for the immediate business of life. In not a few institutions it is safe to say that whereas discussions of pure theory were formerly regarded as a desirable part of a boy's training, more recently "theoretical" has come to bear almost the stigma of "heretical." To some minds it is a grave question whether present conditions do not prepare a student too perfectly for the medium which he is about to enter. They wonder if it would not be well, as used to be the custom in college, to leave the gulf between theory and practice unbridged; and if the old method was not wise which counted upon a student's feeling some shock when he came into contact with actual life after having experimented in theoretical possibilities. Theory, it was held, quickened the imagination and created a controlling vision which a youth would never quite lose.

As State universities, more than oth-

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ers, have specialized in practical efficiency, the *Nation* has thought it well to ask a number of presidents of these institutions to say how the imagination of their students fares under such training; and trusts that the discussion of this important matter may be continued in its correspondence columns.—Ed. The Nation.]

There are at least three ways in which the imagination may relate itself to life: as an æsthetic enrichment of experience, as an intellectual interpretation, and as a vision which supplies a motive to conduct.

So far as literature, philosophy, art, music, travel, supply mental imagery, and open vistas into human life, I fear that the student mind is not richly furnished by his college course. The decline of the ancient classics, the flood of current fiction, the multiplication of student activities, are all hostile to literary and artistic mindedness. It is doubtless true that the State university fosters this type of imagination less successfully than do many of the institutions of the Atlantic seaboard. To recognize this condition is, however, not to surrender to it. While the technical schools are steadily increasing their efficiency, the arts college was never more alive to its opportunities and responsibilities.

Something, too, may be said for approaching a problem from the practical side. I am by no means sure that a student of agriculture, for example, may not in his study of soils appreciate quite as vividly the abstract principles of chemistry as the man for whom laboratory experience is isolated from any practical problem. I feel some confidence in asserting that the keenness with which students in law, medicine, engineering, and agriculture are doing their work, and the large registration in mathematics, in physical and biological sciences, in history, economics, and politics, in psychology and philosophy, justify hope that the State university is doing much to give the student an intelligent understanding of his environment, and to make him value theory because this is the basis, not the antithesis, of the practical.

Perhaps the most searching questions that the community can put to a university are: How do your graduates imagine their lives in relation to the common welfare? Do they see the city and the State as mines to be worked or as causes to be served? Do they look through the eyes of a set or a social class, or has their course given them a disinterested point of view and a vision of duty? All of our institutions may well ponder these questions. How far has this test been met? Is the average university club a place in which men and measures are discussed with the calm detachment, the insistence on verified facts, and the open mind which characterize the scientific spirit and the socialized imagination? The State university has no cause to vaunt itself, but may it not hope that as the institution is more and more consciously seeking to serve the commonwealth, students and alumni are with increasing clearness gaining the vision of obligation and opportunity, of what Wells calls "the sense of the State"? George E. Vincent.

University of Minnesota.

I have no hesitation myself in saying that the young men of to-day are dreaming dreams on a larger scale, and thinking in larger units, than the corresponding boys of my own college generation, which was the first half of the seventies.

When a boy grasps the idea that we are at work in our department of agriculture, for example, trying to determine the conditions of a permanent agriculture; that is, that we are trying to find out a system of culture by which Mother Earth, instead of yielding continually less, may yield continually more, his imagination will have caught fire, and he will look out on the world of agriculture and all its problems with that eye of a statesman which characterized Faust in the second part of Goethe's great tragedy. For with an improving agriculture comes an improving quality of the agriculturist, one element reacting on the other; and with the improving quality of the agriculturist, using that term in a large sense, comes an improving civilization, with all which that implies.

The imagination of a student in architecture quickens and reaches up into newer and higher regions through his dreams of great and beautiful structures, for it carries him into intellectual and æsthetic intercourse with the great architects and artists of all countries and all times. The boy who catches a notion of what it means to the world and to civilization to subdue nature and to harness the winds, the streams, the ocean tides, and the heat of the sun to the car of human progress, can certainly not be accused of a lack of imagination.

Take a still more "material" illustration. The boy who recognizes what it means for our day and generation to discover and utilize for human welfare the clays of a great commonwealth like that of Illinois in such a way as to increase the wealth of a community in the production of clay products; who has a vision of the far-reaching effects of the increasing facility and ease of life, following upon the use of brick, for example, as a paving material, and the consequent emergence of a whole great commonwealth from the thick muck and mud of its fertile fields to a solid basis of facile communication and intercourse; who realizes how investigations in this field may result in a complete change in our style of building, and in the incorporation into it of all the principles of art and beauty which humankind has worked out in the course of ages, and how by a steady development of our scientific knowledge and our artistic skill through this same use of clay products we may increase enormously the beauty and joy of life in the contact with the common articles of furniture about a house, like plates and dishes—when a boy, I say, has this vision and comprehends these relations and interrelations in a large way, he is living, and moving, and having his being in a world of imagination and beauty.

The boy who is dreaming of making a combustion engine which shall get rid of smoke in our great cities, and increase the ease of movement throughout the world, certainly cannot be accused of not using his imagination; for the possibility of his success depends on doing this very thing.

All the facts thus far discussed relate to what people are apt to regard as the purely material side of college life. Speaking of the students in the University of Illinois to-day, where we are supposed to have developed these non-imaginative sides of the university curriculum to the full extent, I believe that there are now more students here on this campus who are interested in art and literature, and looking forward to achieving something creative in those lines, than there were at Northwestern or Harvard when I was a student at those colleges, nearly forty years ago.

An institution which has turned out a Lorado Taft, who certainly in the field of sculpture cannot be accused of lack of imagination; a Walter Burley Griffin, who dreamed of a great city, which will be realized as the capital city of the Australian Commonwealth; a Henry S. Bacon, who imagined the great Lincoln monument on the mall at Washington, which is to be realized in the next few years, can surely not be accused of destroying, at any rate, the imagination of college students.

My own opinion is that a large part of the current criticism of American colleges and universities is based upon an exclusive study of the historic institutions along the Atlantic seaboard, which may perhaps display all the evils which our friends, Flexner, Birdseye, Corbin, and even President Wilson and President Lowell, discern; and I would not undertake to say that they do not know what they are talking about. But most of the criticism of that sort certainly applies primarily to the institutions described by their friends, and has little or no application to the great State universities of the Mississippi Valley. I believe that the visions which

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are seen by the young women and the dreams that are dreamed by the young men in these great centres of popular education are destined to change the face of our society, as they make steadily for an intelligent, cultivated, aspiring democracy, determined to dream and to realize its dream, that all the good which has been achieved by civilization thus far shall be maintained and made available for all mankinu. rich and poor, educated and uneducated alike.

EDMUND J. JAMES.

University of Illinois.

Whether the present work of colleges and universities quickens the student's imagination less than the work of the college of former times is doubtful. It depends much on how restricted a meaning we give to the word imagination. If we mean imagination in general and not merely the higher form of this power exercised in poetry and art, I do not believe that the old college curriculum was more effective in this respect than is the diversified work of the present college or university. In the old institution the curriculum was required, and every one was compelled to conform to the same standards, whatever his interests might be. This of itself had a very repressing effect upon an appreciable number of students in every college. Furthermore, the number attending college was, comparatively speaking, very small. Nor, again, can I see that the teaching, with some exceptions, was more vital and inspiring than it is at the present time. In fact, much of it was notoriously dull and dispiriting. I recall only a few great teachers.

The subjects studied did not lend themselves more than does the present group of subjects to the stirring of the imagination. The Latin and Greek of that day were depended upon largely for imaginative development, but the methods of study and teaching were such as to make a slavish adherence to words and phrases the rule. The great increase in the study of French and German has, at least in part, made up for the decline of Greek and Latin. Philosophy was another subject that one might recall as having in the old days some effect upon the imagination; and indeed it had, especially if it were taught by a real teacher. But here again it is safe to say that in general the courses in philosophy as given nowadays, supported by courses in psychology and biology, are fully as inspiring in every respect as the courses of twenty-five years ago. In English there is a distinct gain over the past, since in the old days very little appeared in the courses of study under the title "English." History, where the imagination comes often into play, was given in small and often uninteresting doses. The numerous courses of the present day, the increased equipment, and the unquestioned development in training for the teaching of history make the present ahead of the past. In science the contrast is very greatly in favor of the present. There was very little science taught in the colleges thirty-five years ago, and very little laboratory work, at least in American colleges. There was no call upon the imagination. Nowadays a student can do nothing in science without the use of his imagination, nor can he in mathematics. Economics has developed in large measure within the last three decades. Sociology was hardly heard of twenty-five years ago. Both of these subjects encourage the exercise of the imagination. In the professions we find somewhat the same situation. In engineering and medicine there can be no constructive work of any sort without the use of the imagination. Therefore, in general, so far as subject-matter, the quality of teaching, and the general equipment of the institutions are concerned, the character of the work done now is on the whole superior to that of the past, and ought, other things being equal, to arouse the imagination more than was possible in past decades.

In spite of all this, the type of imagination that has to do with poetry, art, and music—with the emotional nature—may have suffered. Yet on this point I am in doubt, for it must be borne in mind that the increase in the enrolment of colleges and universities has been enormous. The college community is no longer limited to the select few, but includes a great mass of those who for one reason or another are enabled to seek a college education. The select few are still with us, and I am not convinced that they do not still respond to appeals to their imagination. They are lost to sight, however, in comparison with the total number. In addition, we must remember that a different type of imagination, that developed by history, science, economics, and the practical professions, has come into play, and overshadows at the present time the type attaching itself to poetry and art. The stirring of the imagination now is along economic and social lines. It is no longer contemplative. It does not have to do so much with poetry and art as it has to do immediately with life, and the imagination of students is easily aroused in all moral, social, and economic questions. Then, too, colleges of liberal arts, where the greatest appeal to the imagination is made, are large and increasing. In the thirteen universities having the largest college enrolment, there are, according to Professor Rudolf Tombo, jr., 23,280 college students, and of these 14,648 are men. What a tremendous increase in twenty years!

That there are great difficulties attending the development of appeals to the imagination of whatever sort there can be no doubt. They lie partly in the increasing and often foolish demand for the practical, for that which has an immediate money value. The things, however, that most hamper sound learning, contemplation, the development of the imaginative side of the student's life, are too great freedom in the choice of courses, the lecture system, the rush and hurry of modern life, the enormous increase in the number of student activities, the growing complexity of our civilization, the great appeal of social life, the development of the moving-picture show, the modern theatre, college athletics, innumerable books and magazines—all of which tend to relax his mental discipline. Here, to my mind, is the real centre of the whole difficulty. In the old days there were few lectures and much hand-to-hand work. There was time for meditation and rest, with opportunity for private reading and discussion, and students had to get from one another through the exercise of their own qualities of mind their opportunities for recreation and enjoyment. Added to this difference is the whole trend of our American life. Colleges and universities fight against the situation to the best of their ability, but they are the creatures of the people themselves and partake of the character of life of the community that supports them.

Lastly, I cannot see that State universities are in any way different from other universities in these respects. While I believe it to be true that the old college training was too unpractical to enable the college graduate immediately to compete in business with the ordinary clerk, I am unable to see that the State university, on the other hand, now prepares the student too perfectly for life so that he fits into its workings without the shock which he would get, and in the old days used to get, if his imagination were encouraged to play around theoretical possibilities. That this change towards the practical is on the whole a disadvantage, few, I believe, would maintain. That it more than offsets the possible loss on the emotional imaginative side many would contend. The State university simply is doing its best to train students substantially well for their mission in life. In order to deal justly by its community the university must represent such callings and professions as have been organized sufficiently to furnish material usable as educational instruments. And so far as I know, all the training of the State university, no matter towards what end it is directed, is intended to practice the reasoning powers, arouse the imagination, and give the stu-

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dent some ability to exercise creative power.

FRANK STRONG.

University of Kansas.

The history of learning may be figured (even if one is not a disciple of Bergson) as consisting of two movements: the first, a succession of reconstructive impulses, each resulting in a better formulation of experience; the second, a stiffening and petrifying of the formulations achieved into an orthodoxy which in turn resists succeeding reconstructive impulses. At every point along this circuit, from the beginning where discoveries are made to the end where ancient discoveries have fallen to be textbook routines, one finds teachers. At the beginning one finds the vital creative scholar. At the end one finds the "hidebound pedant the like of which shall in a subsequent century be made at Nuremberg out of wood and leather." What a school effects depends upon where its teachers range between these extremes.

It is the same in all sorts of schools. Froebel did his work in the kindergarten. He has disciples who continue his work in his spirit. But also he has disciples who make the Froebel play a deadening routine, and who, reciting the Froebel catchwords, develop in little children that *état scolatre* (described by Tolstoy in "La Liberté de l'Ecole"), in which the mind becomes a shrivelled edition of its healthy self. It is the same in all subjects. The professor of lyric poetry may be a Doctor Blimber to whom "all the fancies of the poets . . . are a mere collection of words and grammar and have no other meaning in the world." On the other hand, the professor of historical grammar may be one to whom the secular changes of the Greek grammar through a thousand years afford a view of the evolution of life and mind as profound as that which appears in the literature in which the grammar was hidden. A man of the better type, whatever his subject, draws those about him into faith in his work. It is faith in a great work, and no cheaper device, which saves a youth —imagination, heart, will—whatever there is in him.

In the State universities I have known some teachers who seemed to me well down towards the level of Doctor Blimber. I have known many more, with varying ability, of the better sort. When I see, as I do every day, the young doctor of philosophy who burns with hidden fire in hope of establishing a new result in his subject, still better when I see the old professor who has outlived a large part of what he was taught and of what he has taught, and still faces the onrush of new ideas with undiminished faith, courage, and industry, I think the imagination of those whom such men lead is in no peril.

WILLIAM L. BRYAN.

Indiana University.

Poetry

A LAY O' THE DAY.

Oh, I'm homesick for the old days, the slow days, the days that used to be,
When the stage-coach held the highway, and the frigate ruled the sea.
We go scuttling over land,
Skyrocketing through air,
On our spit-fire devil-wagons,
Getting—where?

Give us back the long days, the calm days, the days when men could dream,
When the town was still a village, and there wasn't any steam.
Though we carry round on wires
The live Promethean Spark,
We are rather more than ever
In the dark.

Though truly these be live days, and brave days, days when strong men grind
On the flints of circumstance cutting-edges to the mind;
Yet the stroke that whets a hatchet,
Turns a razor edge:
Lest we blunt the finer spirit,
Better hedge.

Better give ourselves an off day, a whole day, a day to size up things,
To weigh the fact that after all the soul was born with wings,
And might, had we the courage left
To break its prison-bars,
Outsoar these aeroplanes, and float
Among the stars.

If ever dawns a new day, the true day, the day when we are through
With this rag-time-tango living—oh, I know what I shall do:
I'll sit me on the quiet grass
Under a quiet tree—
I'll sit, and very like I'll whistle—
Quietly.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

Books and Men

SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

"Tenniel's White Rabbit is an English squire." This was the comment made in a magazine when a number of artists entered the field which had been Sir John Tenniel's own—the illustration of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." The magazine writer chose the important character of the White Rabbit for comparison, and discussed the conception of him as formed by Arthur Rackham, Peter Newell, and others.

The White Rabbit of Tenniel certainly is an English squire. There he stands at the head of the first chapter, with checked tweed coat, well-filled waistcoat, heavy watch with a massive chain and seal, Gladstonian collar, and—truly English touch—an umbrella. And there he stands, safe in the affections of thousands; of elderly people who were children when he first appeared, and of children who are making his acquaintance to-day for the first time. His portrait was the keynote, so to speak, for an association of author and arist which proved to be, perhaps, the most happy combination in the history of the making of books.

None of the recent obituaries of Sir John Tenniel, in the newspapers, failed to mention the fact that he illustrated "the immortal Alice"—as they all called her. The notices of the artist's death almost invariably named his cartoons for *Punch* as his best work, and gave a secondary place to his illustrations of Lewis Carroll's books. The political influence of the cartoons, and the long term of years through which they appeared, may justify this. Certainly Dropping the Pilot did as much as any one thing to fix Wilhelm II in the world's mind as a cocksure young upstart—a reputation which he was more than twenty years in living down. It is still a model for political cartoons—it was parodied in a New York newspaper last week.

But I question if an artist would place the "Alice" pictures behind any of the cartoons in craftsmanship. If popularity counts, the picture of the Jabberwock, the Mad Tea-Party, and the disappearing smile of the Cheshire Cat are known to thousands of persons who have never seen Dropping the Pilot, the pathetic drawing of Gordon at Khartum, or the caricatures of Disraeli. Finally, Tenniel had his equals in the cartoonist's field, but seldom his superiors as an illustrator, if one considers the sympathy, judgment, and humor displayed in the two Carroll books.

There was an almost universal outburst of protest when, on the expiration of copyrights, other artists ventured to tread in Sir John Tenniel's footsteps. Some of them did it with full realization of the danger. The childish sweetness of Alice, wrote Mr. Peter Newell, is a characteristic which Sir John Tenniel "has caught and fixed in a way none may rival." And "his work will live as long as Alice." Yet Mr. Newell attempted the impossible, with more success, perhaps, than would have been expected. There is no admirer of Mr. Newell's other work who will not have to admit that his White Rabbit is merely a scared little gentleman, his Mad Hatter a pot-house lounger out of Dickens, and his March Hare a rather bibulous beaver.

Mr. Arthur Rackham tried the same thing, a few years later. His gnarled and writhing trees, his fondness for the grotesque and goblin-esque (to coin a word) elicited a picture in *Punch*. The real Alice of Tenniel was looking upon

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the brood of mock Alices—upon all the strange, twisted shapes, and exclaiming, as she did in the book on one occasion: "Curiouser and curiouser!"

Lewis Carroll was by no means the easiest author for an artist to satisfy. The strange genius who could write such rollicking nonsense for children, and such prim letters to them; who could get miffed with two little girls who were writing a child's magazine, and refuse to receive their publication because it contained a limerick which he fancied carried a disrespectful allusion to some obscure dogma of the church; who could reprove W. S. Gilbert for his line about "the pale young curate" because the curate "might have become pale while watching at a sick-bed or visiting the poor"—this was a character by turns generous and astonishingly peevish.

Yet Tenniel and he worked together without serious difference. Tenniel found him exacting, as did Harry Furniss at a later date—Furniss speaks of seven years spent in illustrating one book. Mr. Tenniel, as he was then, and Lewis Carroll came together through Tom Taylor's introduction. Tenniel made the pictures for "Alice in Wonderland," and, six years later, in 1871, for "Through the Looking Glass." He wrote that after this work, "the faculty of making drawings for book illustration departed from me, and notwithstanding all sorts of tempting inducements, I have done nothing in that direction since." His only earlier illustrations seem to have been for "Lalla Rookh" and the "Ingoldsby Legends."

"Don't give Alice so much crinoline," the author would write to Tenniel. Or "The White Knight must not have whiskers." Sometimes Tenniel would rebel. "A *wasp* in a *wig*," he wrote once, "is altogether beyond the appliances of art." Yet he achieved results apparently as difficult. A caterpillar sitting on a mushroom, smoking a hookah, would not, on the face of it, seem an easy problem. The artist came off with flying colors, as every one knows.

In reviewing the pictures you are led to wonder how much of the detail, not directly demanded by the text, is due to Lewis Carroll's suggestions, and how much to Tenniel's imagination. That gift of the artist played about the author's fancy, never straying too far afield, never rigidly bound by the letter. Who suggested, for instance, the straws twined about the March Hare's ears, in the manner of King Lear? Who invented the Jabberwock's vest and gaiters? Who gave the Dodo his cane?

Tenniel's pictures have become part of the life of so many of us. I know a man who followed a little girl and her nurse from one shop to another in an English watering-place, in great delight because the girl "had one of those combs which go over the head, from ear to ear, just like Alice in Wonderland." Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a volume of recollections published a couple of years ago, speaks of the fact that the poet Aubrey de Vere looked so much like the Hatter that it was impossible not to notice the resemblance. When Mr. de Vere recited poetry it was especially hard to keep from smiling—as he recalled the picture of the Hatter quoting:

> How I wonder what you're at!
> Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
> Up above the world you fly,
> Like a tea-tray in the sky.

And an amateur performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" was ruined, for a number of the audience, when one of them pointed out, in a whisper, the similarity in appearance between one of the men in the cast and the Fish-Footman in "Alice in Wonderland."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

EARLY PLAYS AT HARVARD.

Valuable communications on early plays in this country have from time to time appeared in the *Nation*, notably in the issues of January 28, February 11, 1909, and February 27, 1913. So far as I am aware, however, attention has never been called to a perhaps not very important, but yet very interesting, phase of the subject—namely, plays acted by students at Harvard College before 1800. Information on this subject has been obtained from two sources: the "Diary" of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, who graduated in the class of 1761, and the manuscript records of the College. The entries in the "Diary" are so brief that they may be given in full. (The references are to the Dedham Historical Register, where the "Diary" is printed.)

1758, June 22, "Roman Father a Play" (I, 13).

1758, July 3, "Cato a Play acted at Warrens Cham." (I, 13); July 6, "Cato to perfection" (I, 13); July 14, "Cato more perfect than before" (I, 14).

1759, April 20, "went to see the Drummer acted at Hows" (I, 50); April 21, "The Orphan Acted ye 13th inst." (I, 50); June 20, "the Recruiting Officer Acted by ourselves then Public" (I, 50); July 6, "the Revenge acted" (I, 50); September 7, "Cato acted this evening" (I, 51); November 23, "went to Boston, the Revenge Acted at Bowmans" (I, 52). (This was presumably Ames's classmate, the Rev. Joseph Bowman.)

1760, April 8, "Tancred and Sigismunda Acted with a Farce at ye end on't" (I, 112); June 13, "Acted Tancred & Sigismda for which we are like to be prosecuted" (I, 112).

1765, Nov. 20, "Scholars punished at College for acting over the great and last day in a very shocking manner, personating the Jude etertat Devil, etc." (II, 27).

In regard to Ames's final entry, it may be said that one student was expelled, one student was rusticated, and two students were "degraded" for their share in the "profane farce."

The following extracts are from the books labelled "Faculty Records," though, as a matter of fact, the word "Faculty" was not employed at Harvard until 1825.

1762, April 28, "This Day was the public Examination, the Comtee of the Overseers being present, after wch Oliver & Huntington were allow'd to exhibit a Scene in Terrence before the Comtee they desiring it, but in Private in the Library none being present but the Comtee, the President & Tutrs" (II, 161).

1781, Nov. 16, "Voted—That To-morrow evening, some Scenes of *Busiris*, a Tragedy written by Dr Young, be exhibited in the Chapel, as an academical exercise, by a number of the Students" (IV, 278).

1781, Dec. 7, "Voted—That a number of the Junior Sophisters who are to exhibit, this evening a piece from Pope's Iliad, be permitted to appear habited" (IV, 282).

It has been stated that the Rev. Benjamin Colman (H. C. 1692; d. 1747) "was himself a poet, and wrote, inter alia, GUSTAVUS VASA, the earliest American tragedy. It was once acted at Cambridge, at a Commencement of the College" (New Eng. Hist. & Gen. Register, 1860, XIV, 160 note); and Wegelin ("Early American Plays," 1890, p. 24) says that Colman left such a play in manuscript. Did Colman write such a play and was it ever acted at a Harvard Commencement? The "Gustavus Vasa" commonly acted in this country in the last half of the eighteenth century was, I take it, the play of that name written by Henry Brooke, and printed in London in 1739.

When it is remembered that the prejudice in New England against plays was great, that the opposition to all theatrical performances was bitter, and that the first theatre in Boston was not opened until February 3, 1794, it will doubtless surprise many to learn that the Harvard students not only had been giving plays for certainly thirty-six years before that event, but that in so doing they had the sanction of the College authorities.

It may be added that Ames on September 9, 1761, recorded that "Boston People flock up to Newport to see the Plays by the English Actors" (I, 145); that on August 23, 1762, he himself went to Providence to see them (I, 147); that on November 12, 1762, "in the evening acted a Play rebuked for it by our Parents" (I, 148); that on November 14, 1762, it was "Proposed to act a Play in Dedham" (I, 148); that on November 13, 1765, "Undertake to act the Orphan" (II, 27), and that on April 20, 1772, "The Farce called the Toy-shop was acted . . . before a numerous Audience of the most respectable Inhabitants of the first Parish in Dedham both male & female. General Prologue which I wrote for the Toy-shop . . . [here follows the Prologue in 38 lines.] . . . N.B.—The Guests were invited to come to an Evening Lecture" (III, 23-24).

Finally, this is a convenient place for putting on record what is perhaps the earliest performance of a play in English in Canada, at Annapolis, of which a notice appeared in the *American Magazine* for April, 1744, I, 348-349.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

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TRANSCRIPTS OF BIRD SONGS.

In this day, when everything, including the last mysteries of life and the dearest personal sanctities, and excluding only cubist art, is measured by a strict scientific standard, it is perhaps idle to bewail the application of scientific methods in the description of bird songs; especially since we are now hearkening, not to the melody of "smalë foulës," but to the music of humanity in that rosy and golden communal state which is the twentieth-century Heaven. Yet does not the lark (our horned lark as well as the British skylark) sing at Heaven's gate, and shall we not ever, on hearing it, pause in delight and awe?

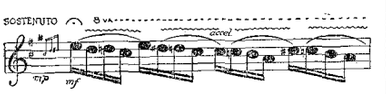
Of the several means of describing the songs of birds, we have foolishly preferred musical notation. One book after another is appearing, interspersed profusely with musical staves that look very scientific and useful, but, as a matter of fact, are rarely of the slightest value. The keen ear of Gilbert White himself would not recognize these songs when played on the piano, and it is doubtful whether Mr. Burroughs, who might conceivably have been pestered into an understanding by this time, could do more than say what songs they were *not*. The cause of the failure of musical notation is well known—yet not regarded: few birds sing in accord with the intervals of the diatonic scale, and few birds sing without using notes that are indeterminate in pitch. These difficulties are insuperable. While it is possible to reproduce with some success the song of the wood-thrush, it is beyond the power of the cleverest musician or naturalist to catch and keep the intricate warble of the magnolia warbler, or the tumultuous jargon of the brown thrasher. And there is a further difficulty which is rarely mentioned—the variableness of quality in bird songs. Suppose we were able to set all songs on the musical staff; should we be better off? Not much, I fear. In my experience (and in the experience of every field naturalist), I have named a bird, not by the form of the song, but almost wholly by the quality. Only in special cases is the form significant. In virtually every case the ear is arrested by, and the memory retains, the quality of the song. Those who are enthusiastic over musical notation forget that birds do not use the piano.

An older method, based on the alphabet rather than on the musical staff, is still popular among ornithologists. I dare say, Mr. Burroughs has done more than any other person to illustrate its usefulness. What grammar-school teacher, "birding" in the wake of a noisy crowd of youngsters, has not stopped with a "Sh!" and exclaimed: "Listen, children, the ovenbird! Do you hear that, 'Teacher, *teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER, *TEACHER*'?"

But Mr. Burroughs has not been useful in more than a few instances. Nor have dozens of other writers, producing every manner of astonishing description, many of them little better than the following befuddling concoction which Minot intended to represent the song of the Blackburnian warbler: "'Wee-see-wee-see, tsee-tsee, tsee, tsee, tsee-tsee, tsee, tsee,' the latter syllables being on ascending scale, the very last shrill and fine"—a transcript which I have never been able to connect with the original. The versions, moreover, tend to multiply *ad infinitum*. For the red-winged blackbird we have an assortment that should satisfy every one. For the Maryland yellowthroat no less than two dozen are current: among them are "witchity, witchity, witchity"; "tswee-tee-tee, tswee-tee-tee-tee"; "I see, I see you, I see, I see you, I see, I see you"; to which so excellent an ornithologist as Mr. Chapman deigned to add, "I beseech you, I beseech you, I beseech you"; and once, as I was passing an insane asylum, I was sure that that yellow bird in the willows was calling, "You're crazy, you're crazy, you're crazy."

This alphabetic method, though inferior to the musical in the representation of form, is superior in the representation of quality, since the syllables chosen are sometimes capable of indicating the quality with preciseness. Yet we need to guard ourselves against vagaries, in particular against the application of this method to any and every song. Especially must we realize that most of these transcripts are recognizable only by the trained ornithologist, who forsooth needs them not!

In addition to the use of the musical staff, and of painstaking literal notations, methods which are frankly scientific in spirit and result; there is a third, which might be called the literary method. Whole pages—chapters even—devoted to scientific description of a bird's song are of less value than two well-chosen adjectives, as when Gilbert White speaks of a bird's "sibilous, inward melody"—of less value than an apt comparison, as when Mr. Chapman says, "It has a quality about it like the droning of bees."

In Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews's "Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music" the discussion of the song of Wilson's thrush illustrates the use of all three methods. First, the literal notation: "O, veery, veery, veery, veery!" over which Mr. Mathews draws an undulatory scroll which helps matters very little. Secondly, the musical notation:

Thirdly, the literary description: "The tone effect at a distance is like the metallic twang of the Jew's harp; nearer by it resembles a reedy, harmonic strain from an accordion swinging in the air. Some one, I do not know who, has called the song 'a spiral, tremulous silver thread of music.'"

Surely the third method is the best. For my part, I confess a debt of gratitude to that nameless poetic soul, "Some one," which I do not feel towards the *eingehend* Mr. Mathews in his scientific moods. I would not leave the impression that the musical reproduction and the literal reproduction are useless. They are both useful at times, and the second is more often useful than the first. But they are of trifling value generally in comparison with the literary description. That this is true is largely owing to the complicated form of most bird songs, but it is mainly due to the difficulty presented by the quality of bird songs, which the literal transcript meets only imperfectly. This matter of quality is the more important, and the matter of form the less important, by virtue of the fact that the songs of many of our commonest birds (notably, of course, the song sparrow) vary widely in form, and only slightly in quality. What is needed, therefore, is a method which, while not ignoring the form, is capable of describing the quality; and this means that, unless the scientist can invent a new method, we must turn to the artist of words. He can describe in a few terse, definite, and yet vague, words what the scientist without literary talent could not describe in a ponderous manual. He can apply the subtleties of a highly developed language to any song whatever. What is more, he can give to the city-dweller a distinct foretaste of what awaits him in the country—which hours spent in playing the piano or in pronouncing "wichu-wichu-wichi-chee" could never give.

N. F.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In answer to the leaflet in the last *Nation* inviting suggestions in regard to the programme of the new *Nation*, may I, as a very dependent reader of the old *Nation*, say a word?

Like many another college professor, I am compelled to limit my list of periodicals to the bare necessities. I put the *Nation* first; and I do this because its criticism inspires my confidence. When I read that the scope of the journal was to be enlarged I felt misgivings; in such a review I want quality, not quantity. And I am reminded of the fate that overtook the London *Academy* a number of years ago when it sought to enlarge and make a wider appeal. It soon became useless for my purposes.

It would be impertinent for me to sug-

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gest that the *Nation* might become less authoritative in the hands of those who have so carefully guarded its interests. But I fear popularization of the *Nation* as I fear the pest. And I must, again as a dependent reader, candidly express my fear. With best wishes,

W. P. REEVES.

Kenyon College, Gambier, O., March 14.

[We are glad to assure Professor Reeves and other friends that every effort will be made by the new management to preserve the old standards to which the *Nation* has been and is devoted.—ED. THE NATION.]

REALITIES IN THE NEAR EAST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If we review the years during which the Turks have been gradually forced back to Asia, during which also the Ottoman Empire in Europe has been bolstered up by the great Powers, we must be struck by the futility of diplomacy and the want of foresight of cabinets. The main policy of the Powers was to uphold the Turkish Empire in Europe, however disastrous the consequences to the people whom the Turks oppressed, and however opposed to the increase of civilization and material prosperity in these regions. This policy has been in the result a complete failure. Inevitable forces against which the schemes of diplomats and chancelleries were quite unavailing have now almost driven the Turks from Europe. The retention of Adrianople and of a part of Thrace gives them next to no European interest, for this territory is—politically—a mere annex to Constantinople, and is a financial incubus into the bargain.

Yet the futility which has always marked European diplomacy in regard to the Near Eastern question was surpassed when the Turks were allowed to tear up the Treaty of London. Had Adrianople and the surrounding district remained in the hands of Bulgaria, the peace of the Balkans would have been assured, for the aspirations of Bulgaria would have been satisfied. Accordingly, the first reality which we have to grasp is that peace is not permanently assured so long as a mile of ground in Europe outside of Constantinople belongs to Turkey, and there is still a bit of ripe fruit to be seized. The main reality, however, to bear in mind is that the storm centre is now shifted to Asia Minor, and that the enemies of the Turkish Empire are no longer the small Balkan States, but the greater European Powers and Greece. Greece must be ranked with the great Powers by reason, not of her size, but of her geographical position. One has only to refer to one of the late Lord Salisbury's large maps to perceive that the increase of the Greek race must inevitably cause the shores of the Ægean Sea one day to become Greek territory. In the natural process of modern evolution the ancient influence of Greece must again become paramount in certain parts of Asia Minor.

But though by the spread of the Greek population Turkish influence and rule will be weakened and finally overthrown on the Ægean seaboard, it will be undermined inland by concessions to capitalists under the support of their respective Governments. The Turks, it is certain, cannot conduct a modern administration and modern business, and now that the European source of supply to the ranks of politicians and officials has ceased by the loss of the European territories, officials will become more incapable than ever. This incapacity has hitherto never been realized by the great Powers; it is now so indisputable that it will henceforth necessarily form an important factor in their Near Eastern policy. Therefore, as a governing race, the Turks are in a plight similar to that of the Red Indians of America or the Maoris of New Zealand. Diplomatists and chancelleries will continue to keep up the fiction of an independent Ottoman Empire and will connive at administrative abuses and injustice, but fictions cannot alter realities.

We have also to realize that the policy of the great Powers in reference to Turkey in Asia is purely selfish. All are engaged in a game of grab under the veil of concessions, treaties, and spheres of influence—a game which is stimulated by the weaknesses and pretentiousness of the present governing group at Constantinople.

The progress of the partition of Turkey in Asia must necessarily be gradual, but it is none the less inevitable, since it is based on supreme time forces. These will produce results in various forms. It may be in violent annexation, as in the case of Tripoli, or in peaceful annexation, as in the case of Egypt. But as between the invaders it is a battle of cash rather than of cannon, for the military power of both Germany and Austria-Hungary is largely nullified by reason of their geographical position. Difficulties and dissensions are pretty sure to arise from time to time, because the condition of the Ottoman Empire is such that it is imperative for European Powers to acquire as far as possible indefeasible rights within its area. The progress of these acquisitions will one day form an interesting chapter in the history of the decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire.

E. S. ROSCOE.

London, Eng., March 9.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the publication of my letter concerning the management of the American Historical Association, which appeared January 22, three replies, or explanations, have been given to the public through the medium of the *Nation*. These letters were written by men of the highest standing in the Association: Professor Fay, of Dartmouth; Professor MacDonald, of Brown, and Professor Jameson, of the Carnegie Institution. These gentlemen are not only learned scholars, but they are also good judges of the strength of an assumed position. If my statement that the American Historical Association, under the leadership of its council, had been conducting and administering its affairs in an illegal and unconstitutional manner, could have been refuted, it would, of course, have been done. As a discreet silence has been maintained on the only point at issue it is fair to conclude that it is conceded that the "power of the council has increased, is increasing, and should be diminished." Professor Fay agrees with me entirely on that proposition.

While it could hardly be expected that Professor Jameson and Professor MacDonald would concede so much, it is reasonable to suppose that they are not prepared to justify the shutting out of the hundreds of men who attend the annual meetings of the Association from having any part in its government, other than that of ratifying what had been done by the Council. At any rate they say nothing about the real point at issue.

Professor Jameson flies from the real issue and tries to conceal his flight by bringing non-essentials into the discussion. The question of the popularity or unpopularity of my position at Charleston does not affect in the slightest degree the justice of my contention. I stated there that if any men on earth were capable of self-government the members of the American Historical Association were capable; that we had allowed the Council to assume too much power, and that it was our duty to become self-governing. If the personal endorsement of at least one hundred men, including those who have held high positions in the Association, was an indication that I was not standing alone, such an endorsement was certainly voluntarily extended after the business meeting. My learned and distinguished friend, I fear, does not read accurately the signs of the times or he would not take the position that the methods of the Council are popular. If he thinks that the wiping out of constitutional guarantees is popular with the members of the Association he is blind.

Professor MacDonald makes a labored effort to defend the nominating committee. I have no quarrel with the committee. Some of my best friends served upon it. I conclude that they did what they were appointed to do. Such a committee has no legal existence, as the Council has no authority whatever to appoint it. How the committee performed its duties has no proper place in this discussion. There was no criticism of its members at Charleston, therefore Professor MacDonald's defence is unnecessary.

To put the whole matter concretely, my contention is that the duties of the Council are carefully laid down in section 5 of the Constitution, as follows: ". . . the election of members, the calling of meetings, the selection of papers to be read, and the determination of what papers shall be published." It has no right to appoint a nominating committee which does nothing more than conduct a caucus by mail, the effect of which is to preclude a free and fair expression from the men who sustain the Association. The constitution contains the democratic ideal. Is it not our duty to see that it is not set aside?

May I again emphasize the fact that my action in this entire matter is impersonal? I have repeatedly stated that

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it is the system, not men, that I am condemning. We have drifted consciously or unconsciously, it matters not which, into the rule of the few in the American Historical Association. I do not claim to represent the entire membership in my contention for self-government. I do know that I have unmistakable evidence that there will be a revolution if the question is not handled justly and wisely by those in authority.

DUNBAR ROWLAND.

Mississippi Department of Archives and History, Jackson, Miss., March 15.

THE BLIGHT ON ATHLETICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The great prevailing evil connected with college and school athletics is not the "mucker" ideals and practices on the playing field, but the grafter ideals and practices with respect to making up the teams before they reach gridiron or diamond. Except in a few colleges, usually the larger ones, there is constant deliberate violation of the professed observance of the standards of non-professionalism. Those responsible for the make-up of the teams say one thing and do another—essential crookedness. It should be added in fairness, however, that frequently in those institutions where conditions are the worst a committee of the faculty on athletics wages a gallant but losing fight for the maintenance of standards. The chief seat of the trouble usually lies with the managers, student body, and, most important of all, the alumni.

When the present writer was a senior in preparatory school (an old endowed academy of good reputation), the chief "line bucker" that year on the football team was not a member of the school, although, of course, he was supposed to be. He had been a member of the school some years before, but at that time had no connection with the school whatever other than playing on the team. Yet the principal of the school and other masters stood on the side lines, and, "with indifference, approval, or motives of expediency," saw him play all through the season. In my home town, when the high-school team (baseball or football) plays the team of another high school situated at some distance, the managers of the respective teams think it smart to vie with each other in running in as many semi-professional non-members of their school as possible. This sort of thing is, I believe, distinctly worse nowadays than it used to be. It is a manifestation of our national propensity to over-organize things and to worship the god Get-there.

To what depths the resulting degradation of spirit of the whole undergraduate body in a college may descend is illustrated by the following incident which not long ago came directly under my personal observation. A paid professional on the baseball team (he was indeed a student also, but everybody knew he was paid, and one of the trustees, it was generally understood, furnished the money) was on one occasion refused by the manager an advance of his salary, while the team was away from home "representing the college" in a large city. The next time the team played at home he obtained his revenge by striking in the midst of the game. He sat on the benches during the remainder of the game and saw his team whipped; and, of course, the student body at the time was furious. He was denounced in most thoroughgoing fashion in the next issue of the college paper. Now anybody would suppose that the wrath of the student body would be sufficiently deep and lasting to prevent such a traitor, who had so flagrantly and publicly disgraced them, from ever playing on the team again. But he was not only a star pitcher, but also a batsman who frequently rapped out three-baggers and home runs: and he did play on the team the following year.

Of what avail is the attempt of professors in such a college to inculcate high ideals of honor and honesty in the classroom? Their efforts are counteracted many fold by the influence of the school of graft maintained by the department of athletics.

What hope is there of keeping grafting out of business and politics in a nation where young men in higher institutions of learning, during that period of their lives when, if ever, they are idealists, habitually and systematically cheat at their games? IDEALIST.

New Haven, Conn., March 7.

ALBERTUS VAN BEEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should be glad to receive information about the American career of the Dutch marine painter, Albertus Van Beest (1820-1860), who from 1845 until his death lived and worked in Boston and New York. Among his American pupils are mentioned the marine painter, William Bradford, and the landscape painter, R. Swain Gifford. Information concerning the whereabouts of his works in public or private collections will also be received with thanks. A. J. BARNOUW.

446 Beeklaan. The Hague, Holland, March 5.

THE FOREIGN CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A chapter might easily be written concerning mistaken literary judgments by foreigners. The perusal of such a chapter might even lighten for us the humiliation of certain cruel and rare moments when we realize that we have made ourselves ridiculous by immoderate censure or laudation (generally the latter) of an English writer. *Die Neueren Sprachen* publishes frequent letters of literary appreciation, dated from London and signed by a name which may, strictly speaking, be either German or English. While some of these letters contain nothing so absurd or grotesque as to indicate a foreigner whose taste is as yet unformed, the criticism in the following passage (quoted from Vol. XVIII of the above review, page 421) looks quite in the opposite direction:

Mr. Mackereth's name deserves to stand very high among the poets of today, for there is a strength about his work which is very rare in English verse. His thoughts have a nobility and at the same time a restraint that is the prerogative of no special poet and age. "A Son of Cain" (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net) is everywhere full of an optimism that does not deny the pain of life but lifts its eyes to the hills all the same, and everywhere there is that deep, instinctive sympathy with all that lives that forms the finest note of our age.

We have the rollicking of exultant power in:

> I met a Lion in the way:
> Heigho! his eyes were wild!
> A bright, magnificent beast of prey,
> A dæmon's child.
>
> He scowled, and scowled,
> With bristling mane;
> And growled, and growled,
> Like in angry pain.
> He stood aloof; I liked him well.
> Heigho! his ivories!

Shades of Tartarin!

I close with the sentiment of the following lines which a French lady preserved, in the form given below, in her translation of Du Maurier's *Trilby:*

> A feeling of sadness and longing,
> That is not aching to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, March 15.

A REQUEST FOR LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. J. M. Hulth, of the University Library of Upsala, who has succeeded to the editorship of Carl von Linné's correspondence, formerly edited by the late Prof. Th. M. Fries, desires information as to the whereabouts of letters to and from Linné, which might be found in collections in this country. Individuals or institutions having such letters are asked to communicate with the undersigned. AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

The John Crerar Library, Chicago, Ill., March 14.

DUFFERS AND EXPERTS.

For the ordinary duffer the printed directions of the expert on how to play the game of golf are often a disheartening experience. His instructions to us to think of a dozen different things at once are as difficult to execute as to close simultaneously all but the third finger of a hand; and the diagrams, with their dotted lines and pointed arrows, which he employs to illustrate swing, and grip, and stance rival in intricacy a complicated problem in hydraulics. It may be doubted whether any mere duffer has ever derived benefit from the theoretical study of the game. Half an hour on the links under the supervision of a professional who has the happy knack of disguising the boredom he must inevitably feel is probably worth all the books that were ever written for the instruction of the initiated but inexpert.

Nevertheless, there is a fascination in the study of these books that we would not willingly forego, and we continue to brave the derision of the family

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circle and to endanger its penates by posturing, club in hand, upon the carpet, fondly imagining that the contortions we are making bear some resemblance to the hero of the diagram. Our next adventure on the links ought usually to be sufficient to convince us that all is vanity, that duffers we came into the world of golf, and duffers, saving a miracle of regeneration, we are destined to leave it; but when the next book by a renowned expert appears we borrow it with the simple faith of little children.

But even though in our less optimistic moments, as when our opponent is dormy and our drive has been sliced out of bounds, we realize that not even a Vardon can restore to us that lost stroke or prevent its recurrence on another occasion, there is a considerable amount of interest in reading, as in a recently published symposium of famous players,* how past masters of the game conceive that they themselves play their strokes. It is pleasant to follow in their wake *haud passibus æquis*, now and then recalling a memorable stroke, an epoch-making event in our own foozling history. There was that time when we played the long "push" shot up to the pin at the seventh, laying it dead at the hole side exactly in the manner described by George Duncan; or that other never-to-be-forgotten occasion when from the abyss of the formidable bunker that guards the sixteenth, tucked up against the face of the hazard, we achieved a miracle of recovery in which we recognize now that we employed precisely the methods advocated by Lawrence Ayton. The musical purr of a perfectly hit drive is a sound that, thanks to some special dispensation of whatever providence alternately encourages and casts down the golfer, most of us have heard at more or less infrequent intervals; but there is a satisfaction in learning from Harry Vardon how intricate is the succession of movements that in our more inspired moments we must have achieved in the order prescribed.

Young Mr. Ouimet, who contributes to the symposium an interesting chapter on putting, rudely upset what had almost crystallized into a tradition when he defeated Vardon and Ray in last year's open championship, for it had come to be very generally accepted that no amateur golfer, however good, could quite beat the best of the professionals. In spite of Mr. Ouimet's remarkable performance that axiom is probably still sound, and why it should be so has been the subject of much speculation. Clearly it is not because the professional has a great deal more practice, for there are many leisured amateurs who spend a good part of their waking lives upon the links, whereas the average professional habitually devotes several hours a day to the dull routine of teaching. The explanation is probably in the main a psychological one; the professional makes his living by his ability to play golf. That which for the amateur, if he be playing well, is an agreeable exercise, if ill, an exasperating waste of time, is for the professional a solemn discharge of duty, a thing to be taken seriously, just as we take our account books and ledgers. The professional, especially the Scotch professional, who is the sublimation of his class, will make a golfing joke, but he will not make a joke on golf. At most of the famous links on his native heath there is a set of jests, hallowed by antiquity, to listen to which is part of the routine through which the stranger is expected to go, but golf itself is a sacred matter not lightly to be profaned.

"How often do you do that?" the present writer once inquired of a well-known Scotch professional when he was guilty of the elementary mistake of taking his eye off the ball, and fluffed an easy approach into the bunker guarding the green. The professional gave the question his conscientious deliberation, and "Just aboot once a year-r, sorr," came the unsmiling reply.

That remark seems exactly to express the difference between the amateur and the professional points of view. The former, be he an amateur champion or the plain average duffer, is privileged to take his eye off the ball as often as he likes, and may yet hold up his head among his fellow-men. The latter, since to err is human, may be allowed an annual indulgence of the weakness, but to repeat it with the careless insouciance of the amateur would be to put in peril his means of livelihood.

Assuredly there is balm in Gilead for the duffer. Following a professional match, or playing ourselves with a professional and receiving a stroke and a beating, we may envy the mechanical accuracy with which he makes his "threes" and "fours" and "fives," humbling "Bogey" and making "Par" appear absurdly simple, yet we know that he is not enjoying the mathematical precision of his play one-half as much as we are enjoying our own spasmodic brilliance. There comes in his round none of the sense of adventure that attends our own eccentric course. The back spin from the cunningly played mashie shot as his ball hits the green has for him no thrills, for the result that we hope for prayerfully is for him but the occurrence of the expected; and the intentional slice around the coppice on the woodland course, that we deem a suitable subject for the subsequent entertainment of our friends in the clubhouse, is to the blasé expert no more than a part of the mechanical routine of the day's work. Even our emotional outbursts we would not sacrifice for the imperturbable poise which the professional knows it is necessary for him to maintain, for though these are bad for our golf they are excellent purges of our souls. And if at times in the eye of the expert we catch a gleam of sarcastic commiseration for our ineptitude we can retort on him, as Chesterton makes King Alfred's men retort on the conquering Danes in his "Ballad of the White Horse":

> You are more tired of victory
> Than we are tired of shame.

S. W.

*"Success at Golf," by Harry Vardon and others. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.

Literature

SOCIALISM REVISED.

A History of Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. Fifth edition. Revised and largely rewritten by Edward R. Pease. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This edition of Kirkup's work has been prepared and published in a new form by an English Fabian, who explains in his preface exactly what he has done. Roughly, Mr. Pease has brought up to date those chapters which described primitive Socialism and the origins of the present movement, has written several new chapters on the movement abroad, and particularly in England, and has collected (in chapters xv and xvi) Kirkup's own views on the question in general, these views in previous editions having been scattered through six chapters, and being now rearranged and much condensed. The result of his labor is a handy edition of a valuable work.

Chapters xv and xvi are, naturally, much the most interesting in the book and exhibit clearly Kirkup's special merit as a writer of Socialist history and a student of the Socialist movement. He is careful to impress upon the reader that it is not a mere collection of economic theories or doctrines, but a real movement. "It is not," he says, "wedded to any stereotyped set of formulas, whether of Marx or any other, but is rooted in reality, and while moulding facts, it must adapt itself to them. Above all, we must ever remember that it claims to represent the aspirations after a better life of the toiling and suffering millions of the human race" (p. 405). It is "still in process of development. Its theories must undergo the rough-hewing of continual controversy, discussion, and criticism." "The competitive system has never entirely and exclusively dominated any society, and has been everywhere modified by custom and the traditions of the past, by national and social interests and by moral considerations. . . . We must conceive Socialism in the same way as claiming, when certain historical con-

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ditions have been realized, to be the normal or prevalent type of economic and social organization." What this means is set forth as follows:

Socialism, then, simply means that the normal social organization of the future will and should be an associated or co-operative one. It means that industry should be carried on by free associated workers. The development of Socialism will follow the development of the large industry. . . . It is a new type of industry and economic organization the practicability of which must be decided by the test of experience. It cannot be introduced mechanically. We cannot force or improvise such a change in the constitution of society. No revolutionary violence can avail to carry through a transformation which runs counter to the fundamental laws of human nature or the great prevailing tendencies of social evolutions. This will be especially manifest when we consider that its realization will, above all things, depend on the ethical advance of the mass of the people (p. 415).

Kirkup's Socialism is very far removed from the present "stiff and barren orthodoxy," as he calls it, which is so deeply permeated with, and colored by, an aggressive materialism and a spirit of general and violent revolt. With this he has no sympathy. Marx he regards as having forged "new chains for the working class in the shape of dogmatic materialism, a rigid and abstract collectivism and ultra-revolutionary views which still hamper it in the task of emancipation" (p. 443). More than once he expresses strong disapproval of the attitude of modern Socialists towards "the family," and is at pains to insist that between Socialism, as he understands it, and religion there is no contradiction (pp. 447-449). To the reviewer, however, it seems that he fails to recognize the instinctive antagonism that exists between the Socialist *weltanschauung* and that of the Christian, if for no reason other than that the one is concerned exclusively with *diesseits* and the other mainly with *jenseits*. Platforms may assert as forcibly as possible that "religion is a private matter" with which Socialism is not concerned, but no intelligent Socialist will deny that the entire body of Socialist thought is altogether detached from religion, taking no account whatever of those fundamental relations which are the substance of all religion, and from which no believer can logically prescind in any rational act. It is quite true that the Christian churches are not in the least committed to any particular system of government or production. Society exists, as they see it, for man and not man for society, and whatever system of production best enables man to fulfil his destiny here and hereafter is, from their point of view, good. But unless we are to deceive ourselves, we must not fail to recognize, in the Socialist movement, even as Kirkup describes it, a synthesis of many centrifugal forces, all operating strongly against the existing order—indeed, the very foundations of the existing order—and notably against the notions of law and the supernatural destiny of man. Whether one hold any form of religion or not, there is no excuse for not recognizing this fact, for it will probably, when fully recognized, greatly help to clear the field of discussion and enable those who are in doubt easily to find their proper camps.

Kirkup's book will make an appeal to many who are tired of Spargo, Hillquit, and the other painstaking but tedious modern scholastics of the more reasonable and coherent Marxian school. To those who are fighting Socialism it will perhaps furnish suggestions for a change in the plan of campaign. Much ammunition is now going to waste on empty forts—such, for instance, as "surplus value"—which might be put to more profitable use elsewhere. Incidentally, it is worth noticing that Kirkup, although valiantly laboring to bring his Socialism into harmony with Evolution *à la* Darwin, is much more of a Utopian than a scientific Socialist, and the general trend of the movement in this direction is now very marked. The "soap-box" school and a few of the faithful scholastics alone remain thoroughly orthodox and "scientific."

CURRENT FICTION.

When Ghost Meets Ghost. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Devoted readers of Mr. De Morgan will recall the whimsical "Apology in Confidence" appended to "A Likely Story." His preceding novel, "An Affair of Dishonour," had been sharply handled by reviewers. They had not only fallen foul of the story for what it was—a feeble attempt at historical romance—but had censured the author for what it was not. They had expected him to be "Early Victorian and suburban, kindly and buttonholy," and he had disappointed them. He apologizes for his unfair treatment of them, and plumes himself on the "Victorianity" and "suburbanity" of his current offering, "A Likely Story." Also, harking back to criticisms of his earlier books, he asks credit for having "slumped" from a quarter of a million words to less than 100,000—"an essay towards conformity which seems to me to deserve recognition."

The physical aspect of "When Ghost Meets Ghost" leads one to suspect that convenience rather than conformity determined the length of "A Likely Story." Here is a chronicle running to nearly 900 pages and bulking a good deal nearer half a million than a quarter of a million words. If the characteristic summaries prefixed to the chapters had been printed as a table of contents, as they were in the earlier novels, some twenty-odd pages would have been added to the volume. This may have been the straw to imperil the publisher's back: a list of short chapter-titles is furnished. But the important question is not how long the story is, but whether it is too long. The present reviewer (who would not spare anything of "Joseph Vance" or "Alice-for-Short") thinks it is.

The substance of the narrative is altogether too slight for this scale of treatment. A pair of twins are separated in early womanhood, one following her convict husband to Van Dieman's Land, the other staying in England. After some years the husband, by a clever forgery, causes each of them to believe that the other is dead. Half a century later they are both in England. Problems for the novelist: how shall they be brought together and how shall they be convinced of the truth? Mr. De Morgan's postulate is that these are problems of almost superhuman difficulty, and that we are assisting at an extraordinarily subtle process of solution. In point of fact, the means employed is the simplest known to the romancer—coincidence. Never has that long arm been more deliberately extended. If little Dave Wardle, who lived in a particular house in Sapps Court with one of the old twins, had not been run over by a particular fire-engine, and taken to a particular hospital, he would never have become the protégé of the particular nurse who was familiar with the particular village household in which the other old twin lived. If Lady Gwen had not chanced to be calling at Sapps Court at the precise moment when Mrs. Prichard's old table was about to be repaired, she would not have taken charge of the old lady's papers, her father the earl would not have read the forged letter, and—so on.

When, at the end of a very long chain of these petty coincidences, the facts have become plain to everybody except the two old parties, there is still a vast deal of fiddling to be gone through as to how they shall be made known to each other. Lady Gwen, who at this very moment is able to endure her lover's blindness and her bosom friend's dangerous illness without hysterics, is almost beside herself with dread as to what may happen to these two respectable old women when they find that they are both alive! The noble earl, her father, is hardly less distressed; indeed, the anguished attention of a large number of persons of all ranks and ages is focussed for some time upon this terrible moment of revelation. One of the twins does die shortly after the news is broken. But why shouldn't she? The

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truth is, there is interest, and a mild pathos, inherent in the situation, but one cannot make even a potential tragedy out of the meeting, or failure to meet, of two nice old ladies of eighty-odd who have been lost to each other for fifty years.

This is not the whole story, of course. Sapps Court is, roughly, the *milieu* of the opening chapters of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short." Dave Wardle is again the gamin destined to become a gentleman. Uncle Mo is the rough diamond, the heart of oak. When we hear, in chapter one, that he is an ex-prize-fighter, we know that he will not have been so in vain, and the single right cross-counter by means of which he does for the villain (a very Dickensish jailbird) in the very last chapter, justifies us. Ancester Towers, the other setting, places the action, without undue violence, at the other social extreme. The earl is simply a gentleman and a connoisseur who happens to have a title. His lady the countess is of an older school. With her dowager-like, almost Trollopean, attitude, she is in odd contrast with her daughter Gwen, and is, we suspect, less an anachronism than the latter, since the action is supposed to take place in the fifties. Gwen, the beautiful and audacious, is plainly akin to Mr. De Morgan's other delightful heroines. But the chronicler is so intent upon his two old grannies that, with all his half-million words, he does not succeed in finishing her love-story, and has to "gobble it up" as best he may in the very obvious exposition of the "Belated Pendrift" which closes the volume.

Simple Simon. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Co.

Readers who remember the "Clara" of this writer will be prepared for the mixture of audacity and sentiment, social theory and satire, realistic detail and romantic feeling which give their peculiar atmosphere to these pages. The activities of Messrs. Wells, Chesterton, and Shaw have, to be sure, established something like a school of audacity. To be lively, and brilliant, and shocking, in one sense or another, is the essential.

Some of the younger Englishmen who show this influence seem to be really above it, or to have something behind it. Two such we have noticed particularly of late, James Stephens, author of "The Crock of Gold," and A. Neil Lyons, author of "Clara" and of the present story. These writers are of their day; they do not dare not to be clever; they make great play with paradox and quip and shocking sally. But this is nothing more than the modish garment of their humor. For these are genuine humorists. There is a human warmth about them which one gropes for in Mr. Chesterton and misses outright in Mr. Shaw. Mr. Wells showed it in "Mr. Polly," and Mr. Bennett in "Buried Alive." As a group, the old guard of new-century wits have been chary of it as too much smacking of that damnable thing, sentiment. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Lyons, the more furious they are against the sham, the more ardently and openly they worship the real thing. Clara was a disreputable woman, but she not only loved much, she was perfectly lovable, and, on her own plane, venerable. In the present narrative, Mr. Lyons shows himself very angry against official charity, the dull hypocrisies of organized poor-relief. But this merely brings into sharp contrast the loving kindness of Simple Simon and his mate. One trait we hope Mr. Lyons will outgrow—a belligerent tone due to the assumption that other people are probably less sensible than he.

The Judgment of the Sword. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Here," the author's note tells us, "is no compound of history and romance, but the true romance of history. . . . Neither book (this or its predecessor, 'The Hero of Herat') has any relation to the historical novel proper, except in form." The exception is puzzling, unless form means merely title and binding; for the book does not even resemble a novel in form. There is no love story; there is no hero—or, rather, there are half a dozen. As the writer says, "No single figure, however heroic, could be made to dominate the tale of the First Afghan War without fatally upsetting the proportions of the whole."

Once it gets under way, the narrative is picturesque and vigorous. Mrs. Diver has made good use of the background of mountain and defile, of the striking scenes of defence, retreat, and slaughter. It is not her fault that the story of Pollock's punitive expedition seems anticlimactic after the British disaster in which sixteen thousand men perished; but she might have told this more briefly.

The Remington Sentence. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Co.

A quaint and quiet humor, the leisurely progress of an unaccented plot, stress placed on minor detail, and a wide range of characters—these are familiar characteristics of Mr. Ridge which his readers expect and which they find in the present volume. The vicissitudes of a sister and three brothers, condemned by the terms of a dead father's will to "hard labor for five years," create whatever of plot there is. The young Remingtons leave their Hampshire country home to prove their mettle in London, before coming into a substantial fortune. These facts we discover by dint of reading between the lines. The whys and wherefores that lead to the imposing of "the Remington sentence" the reader may create for himself. Upon this point the author is silent.

Among the characters one recalls with interest Helen, the perplexed "big sister"; her lover, the explorer Saltmarshe; Kenton, one-time butler of the Remingtons, outwitting a nagging wife by well-acted aphasia; Mr. Clifford, the successful fruit merchant of Covent Garden, who indulges his "low tastes" at Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday; Signora Michaelis, of the Leicester Square ballet, once Nancy Dawkins, of the Chalk Farm Road bakeshop; Loo Riccardo, cockney blending of Italy and England; and Harkway, the schoolmaster, a pedagogical Wilkins Micawber, that Dickens might have drawn. With these and their fellows we wander through W. Pett Ridge's favorite London, the London of the lower middle classes—Tottenham Court Road, Southampton Row, St. Martin's Lane, Holborn Circus, Regent's Park.

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN GREECE.

Ægean Days. By J. Irving Manatt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Professor Manatt wrote this almost ideal book of travel with the experience of a four years' consulate at Athens and of three subsequent visits and with a rich accumulation of Hellenic culture gained through a lifetime of loving study and honored teaching. He is thoroughly familiar even with the somewhat recondite works upon his subject, he has at his fingers' tips the political, literary, and artistic history of the Ægean during the ancient, mediæval, and modern periods; he is renowned as an adept in the vernacular. His style is in the main easy, yet at times marked by the vice, so peculiar to the scholar when writing a popular treatise, of attempting factitious sparkle and energy. Thus it is that the comparisons may become farfetched, as when he likens Concord to Colonus as a poetic hearth, Simonides and Voltaire to James Russell Lowell, or, most extraordinary of all, implying a certain lack of humor, his rehabilitated Sappho to Alice Freeman.

Professor Manatt errs in not brightening his volume with enough photographs, and those that he does reproduce are for the most part dimly printed. It is impossible, of course, to do justice to what is perhaps the finest landscape in the world; but these illustrations do not even suggest the inspiring nobility of Greek scenery as compared with the enticing luxuriance of Italian. It is, too, a little surprising to find a man of the writer's inclinations insulting Lesbos and the

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Lesbian poets by inserting a poor reproduction of a wretched painting, Alma Tadema's Sappho and Alcæus.

The scheme of the work is eminently artistic. In Part I a summer's vacation at Andros is used as a centre of interest, and around it are grouped excursions to the near-lying Cyclades—Eubœa, Syra, Tenos, Naxos, and Paros. Part II is less unified, describing a short Ægean cruise under the enlightened conductorship of Dörpfeld, and visits to Ceos, Troy, Lesbos, Chios, Ithaca, and Leucas; but a certain connection is maintained by the recurrence of the Homeric *motif* through these sections of the Hellenic world, and by the confinement of attention, with one or two exceptions, to the Asiatic coast and the adjacent islands. The unity is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that several chapters have already been published as occasional essays. In the course of describing each place visited, Professor Manatt contrives to introduce all the significant geographic, historic, ethnographic, literary, and even practical information. But this is no mere guide-book. In his rambles with you he comes upon a ruined tower, a lone column, a half-effaced inscription built into a garden wall, and he is forthwith reminded of some ancient tale, some bit of lore, some verse of poetry connected with the fragment. He seems a pleasant comrade conversing casually and familiarly as you walk or ride or row or sail; and lo, when you have done, as if by magic you are well enough instructed to lecture yourself upon the places that you have visited in his company. In the end you find yourself possessing an adequate conception of each Ægean island in its more glorious classical setting, in the ecclesiastical ascendency of its Byzantine period, in the picturesqueness of the Venetian occupation, under Turkish misrule, in the heroic War of Independence, and in the almost realized hope of a modern resuscitation.

Almost immediately on landing at Andros, Professor Manatt is haled before an absurd court for trespassing on private premises, and thus he has an opportunity to sketch the whole petty polity of the island. He searches out a hymn to Isis chiselled upon a stone now used as a lintel, and he falls into delightful recollections of other Andrian inscriptions, which he employs to reconstruct the conditions of the place under Athenian and Roman sway. Meeting Dörpfeld on a steamer in the Ionian Sea, he allows the ingenious archæologist to explain in his own entrancing and momentarily convincing style his theories about an Ithacan Leucas. So he leads us on and on, beguiling us ever into the idea that we are merely chatting as we jog pleasantly along, never emphasizing too obviously the thesis that lurks beneath the whole work.

It is this thesis that creates a broader and a nobler unity. The author, in a word, is a fervid advocate of the continuity of the old and the new Hellenic culture. He patronizes, to be sure, true New Englander that he is, rather than comprehends and honors the august church of the East, and in his treatment of the Andrian benefactor but heretic, Theophilos Kaïres, he fails to appreciate the importance to the church of maintaining the standard of faith as well as of morals; but in general he is a steadfast friend of the modern Greek and a believer in his future. He constantly discerns ancient customs still persisting; he realizes that the determinative factors are an uninterrupted civilization and language, whatever fresh influx of blood there be. To one who has read the heroically poetic letter of a wounded Greek soldier to his wife in the May *Atlantic* of 1913, the identity of the past and present needs no demonstration.

This is a timely book, and to those who know and, because they know, appreciate and love modern Greece, it will prove a helpful apologia. It constitutes the best kind of a defence, for it is indirect. There are few bald assertions of the superior character and energy of the present race, but the accidental pictures of their generous hospitality, their kindly curiosity, which is only another phrase for humane interest, and their almost fanatical desire for education under adverse circumstances, are more effective proof. When a distinguished historian in one of our greatest universities visits the Balkans for but a few weeks, and then, abandoning his scientific reputation, presumes to issue an ultimatum upon the complicated problem and upon the merits of the several combatants, it is comforting to listen to the sober judgments of Professor Manatt's ripened experience.

S. Bernardino of Siena. By A. G. Ferrers Howell. London: Methuen.

The name of San Bernardino calls to mind, first of all, perhaps, the gaunt Franciscan figure that appears so often in the altar-pieces of the Quattrocento, distinguished by the lips drawn in over a sunken mouth, the bald head inclined a little, with its narrow circlet of white hair, and the attribute, a tablet with the sacred monogram YHS. Readers of Italian manuals will think at once of certain unique passages from sermons preached at Siena, stories and fables and sketches of contemporary life, recorded just as they were uttered, phonographic in the freshness of their dialect and the vivacity of their phrasing. But their author had little thought of place in art or literature; the powers of his keen mind and eager soul were wholly spent in ministry. He was the foremost figure in Italian religious life between St. Catherine and Savonarola. He is truly named the Second Founder of the Friars Minor; he won back the allegiance of the Italian people to the Church, dishonored and enfeebled by the Great Schism; and in his preaching, here and there and everywhere in Italy, he strove, flame-like, to enlighten and to burn away the gathering moral darkness of the Renaissance.

Some twenty years ago Paul Thureau-Dangin published an admirable study of the life and preaching of S. Bernardino, a book very like Sabatier's "Vie de S. François" in spirit and in value. Since then, however, biographical and critical investigations have multiplied, and a new comprehensive work is therefore welcome. One misses in Mr. Ferrers Howell's style the clearness and grace of his French predecessor, but in completeness and accuracy the new book is all that could be desired. The first of the four long chapters recounts the history of the Strict Observance, the second is biographical, the third and most important is devoted to the sermons of S. Bernardino, and the fourth to his minor works.

The preachers of the Quattrocento contented themselves, for the most part, with formal exposition of the gospel or epistle for the day. Bernardino, disregarding that convention, chose a topic suggested by the immediate needs of the audience before him, and dealt with that topic directly, intensely—and at extreme length. In most of his sermons he attacks particular vices—gambling, love of finery, avarice, party strife; but his preaching as a whole illumines the entire field of religious experience. He combines searching moral diagnosis with generous commonsense. So he treats of wisdom in almsgiving, of caution in admonishment, of poverty and the love of poverty, of honest doubt, of religious sentimentality, superstition, and asceticism. His doctrine bears eloquent witness to the passing of the Middle Ages:

> To take up the cross in a way that the body cannot bear, is not an inspiration of God, but a temptation of the devil; and the reason is, that God hates none of the things that he has made; wherefore he hates not our body, but loves it, and would have us love it, and preserve it for his honor, and not destroy it, nor give it a burden it cannot bear. . . . For the judgment is not between us and the saints, but between God and us: the question will be whether we have fulfilled his commands to the best of our ability; not whether we have done what the saints did.

Yet his liberalism went hand in hand with a relentless intolerance of evil; and he wrought mightily upon the throngs that heard him. Often his sermon-courses ended in the red glow of a bonfire of vanities; and again and again he quelled the bitterness of local

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warfare. Even now signs of his influence remain throughout Northern and Central Italy, from the Alpine pass that bears his name to his burial place at Aquila, in the many churches that are dedicated to him, and in the representations of the sacred monogram, carved, at his bidding, on city towers and on palace gates.

Mrs. Ady (Julia Cartwright) contributes to Mr. Ferrers Howell's volume an interesting chapter on S. Bernardino in Art. It is in Siena, naturally, that the figure of the saint appears most frequently, but there is hardly a local school that cannot show his likeness on wall or panel. The most notable paintings inspired by his life are Pinturicchio's frescoes in the Aracœli and the charming little pictures at Perugia, by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, representing S. Bernardino's miracles. At Perugia, too, is his most elaborate monument in stone, the façade of the Oratorio, decorated with the very lovely bas-reliefs of Agostino di Duccio.

The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont. Edited by Eloise Robinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

Among the possessions of Professor Palmer, of Harvard, brought together in the course of his devoted study of George Herbert and Herbert's age, is the unique manuscript of the minor poems of Dr. Beaumont, which he bought at one of the sales of the Sir Thomas Phillipps collection in 1911. It is a quarto volume of 173 leaves, written in two hands, one that of the poet himself, the other that of John Gee, who apparently used the manuscript in preparing the selection of Beaumont's verse for his edition of 1749, and made various corrections to this end. Under the auspices of the English department of Wellesley College the whole volume has now been handsomely reprinted, with an ample introduction and notes.

Relying chiefly on Gee and correcting some errors of Grosart by the way, Miss Robinson has incorporated in her introduction an excellent account of Beaumont's quiet and in the end not unprosperous career. He was, according to his own report and as his industry with the pen well testifies, a bookish man who might have been content to settle down in the university there to spend a life in digesting libraries of theology. In one of his birthday effusions—"Martij 13, 1643"—he pretty well sums up his intellectual course, and as the poem is not in the selection of 1749, and consequently not in Grosart, we may quote several of the stanzas as an example of his rather rougher style:

Th' importunate Drops at length some impresse made
Upon my stony Intellect, & I
Was put Apprentice to ye Bookish Trade
At full fifteene ith' Universitie.
Where captiv'd in a Gowne, under ye shade
Of thousand leaves I sate, and by
The losse of almost all ye Time since then
Have learned to be ye foolishest of Men.

My itching mind proudly desir'd to prie
Into whatever Learnings Title wore.
With unfledgd Wings I often towred high,
And snatch'd at things above my pitch, before
I had sure hold of what beneath did lie.
Yet on I ventur'd still, & caught at more;
I caught ye Wind of Words, which by a Blast
Of following Notions soon away were past.

At length I learn'd, & sure my Tutor was
Th' ETERNAL WISDOME, well to rest content
With shallow knowledge of such Objects, as
Can never blesse their Knower: Complement
And Ceremonious Learning I let passe
To guild their Crest, who make Applause their bent
Ambitious onely not to be a foole
In that, which Saints and Angells draws to Schoole.

But our poet was soon cast out of his bookish ease. In the year 1644, according to the quaint account of John Gee, the Earl of Manchester was ordered "to garble and model the University of *Cambridge*, where Mr. *Beaumont's* avowed affection to the King's cause exposed him among the first, to the keenest edge of their resentment." Beaumont lost his fellowship (early in 1643, according to Miss Robinson's calculation, instead of 1644), but under the generous protection of the Bishop of Ely he multiplied benefices and books in a way that ought to have made even a poet-clerk happy.

Beaumont, as we already knew, belongs with the school of Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw and Traherne, and the present addition to his works only serves to place him a little more exactly in that band of religious poets. Though of course he never rose anything like as high as Crashaw or even as Vaughan, his work is rather more on a consistent, if not dead, level than theirs, avoiding the morbid conceits of the former which sometimes sink him to about the lowest degree of bad taste of any writer of mark in the language, and seldom if ever flowing in the flaccid manner of Vaughan in his more negligent moments. Miss Robinson admits freely that very few persons—none, we should say, unless they are reading in that period for a purpose—will care to go through all of Beaumont's 177 poems which she has printed. It would scarcely be a fair question to ask any scholar why he, or she, had ventured to add another volume of this kind to our burdened libraries, and as a matter of fact the present publication has a certain value and even interest of its own, though the latter must not be presumed on too far. Beaumont had the least spark of genius, and not much of the high fervors of religion, but he is an admirable specimen of a man who lived in the intellectual and spiritual society of those who possessed both of those qualities in large measure, and he caught, as it were, the routine of their inspiration. He is in this way characteristic of the mean, though not precisely the golden mean, of his age. At times he utters a note of a more intimate sincerity, and for a moment we seem to see into the man's living heart. Having quoted the cruder stanzas from his "Natalitium," we feel bound to supplement them with a more alluring illustration. We take them from the first poem in the volume, "Suspirium," which was not known to Grosart:

I *think* a thousand thoughts a day,
Yet think not one: each doth betray
It selfe, & halfe-made flyes away.

I *think* of Heav'n, I *think* of Hell,
Of what both heer & there doth dwell:
Yet what I *think* I cannot tell.

Through all ye World my Mind does run,
And when her foolish Course is done,
She onely is where she begun.

Such Hudling and Perplexity
In my tumultuous Heart there bee,
That seeing all, I nothing see.

When our divine Dr. Beaumont wrote those words he was thinking not of the poems of Herbert or Vaughan, but of a sad experience which came to him often in his own study, and which has come to many another over-ambitious student since his day.

Miss Robinson's editorial care in bringing out the volume is commendable, but she has fallen into the too common error of editors in finding parallels and suggesting borrowings on the most unconvincing coincidences of language.

Notes

The Yale University Press has undertaken the following publications: "Bracton: De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ" (Vol. I), edited by George E. Woodbine; "University Sermons," by Henry Sloane Coffin; "Our Many-Sided Navy," by R. W. Neeser.

The two volumes on the Civil War in Harper's composite history of "The American Nation" were contributed by Dr. J. K. Hosmer, and attracted considerable attention at the time of their appearance. They are now brought out in a separate edition as "The American Civil War."

The Bobbs-Merrill Company will publish on March 21, "Five Years to Find Out," by Ida A. R. Wylie.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of Keller's "Die drei gerechten Kammacher," edited with notes and vocabulary by Prof. H. G. Collings,

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and of Gustav Frensen's "Jörn Uhl," abridged and edited with notes by Prof. W. W. Florer.

Sherman, French & Co. announce for publication next month "Candle Flame," by Katharine Howard.

In the March announcements of Houghton Mifflin Company the following books are included: "The Women We Marry," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "Emerson's Journals" (complete), edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes; "The First Step," by Eliza Orne White; "Lost Diaries," by Maurice Baring; "The United States Federal Internal Tax History from 1861 to 1871," by Harry Edwin Smith; "Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N.," life and letters, by Carroll Storrs Alden; "In the High Hills," by Maxwell Struthers Burt. The same publishers have added to their Riverside Textbooks in Education: "Rural Life and Education," by E. P. Cubberley; "The Hygiene of the School Child," by Lewis M. Terman; "Evolution of the Educational Ideal," by Mabel J. Emerson; "Chief Middle English Poets," by Jessie L. Weston; "The Tendency to the Concrete and Practical in Modern Education," by Charles W. Eliot; "Art Education," by Henry Turner Bailey.

The general meeting of the American Philosophical Society will be held at Philadelphia in the hall of the Society, Independence Square, April 23-25.

The *Nation* evidently has done an injustice to Mr. Zane Grey in its criticism of his "The Light of Western Stars," by the statement that he "has taken over his opening situation from Charles Alden Seltzer's 'The Trail to Yesterday.'" In a letter to the editor, Mr. Grey declares that his novel "was written in 1912, and was begun serially in *Munsey's* before Mr. Seltzer's novel began in another magazine." Investigation fully substantiates this statement. The *Nation's* reviewer was misled by the fact that Mr. Seltzer's story appeared in book form several months before Mr. Grey's. The entire intent of the reviewer was to say that this novel was of the conventional sort as to situations, and inferior in that respect to the author's own "Desert Gold," published previously. It was not the intention to accuse him of wilful plagiarism, and any inference to that effect is regretted.

To the series of reference books prepared by William S. Walsh for the J. B. Lippincott Co. he has now added "A Handy Book of Curious Information." It comprises, as the sub-title states, and as some experience in using the volume confirms, "strange happenings in the life of men and animals, odd statistics, extraordinary phenomena, and out-of-the-way facts concerning the wonderlands of the earth." Naturally, the prime disadvantage of any such miscellaneous cyclopædia as this is in the uncertainty one must always have whether a particular desideratum will fall within its province. We can only assure the searcher after such books that the editor of this volume has made a truly curious collection of facts and stories from many scattered sources.

The anonymous author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby" now offers "Policy and Paint," some incidents in the lives of Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens (Longmans, illustrated). Carleton was a general utility man in diplomacy for James I and Charles I, eventually becoming Foreign Minister. Rubens, as all the world knows, was British envoy for the King of Spain in the year 1629. Some twelve years earlier, when Carleton was at The Hague, the two men had been associated in picture-dealing ways. Carleton was a zealous agent for the art-loving noblemen of England, especially for the favorite Buckingham, and knew where to place a gift where it would do the most good. Carleton was something of a cold fish, but his career gains dignity from his constant devotion to the cause of Elizabeth of the Palatinate and Bohemia, whose royal husband had been dispossessed and exiled by the Emperor. The intention, one can hardly say the endeavor, to reinstate his sister colored all the foreign policy of Charles I. It was the permanent obstacle to peace with the Empire and with Spain. Carleton, as a good royalist and Protestant, ever sought to make peace between England and France, a course made very difficult by the religious contentions in both countries. Rubens, of course, sought peace with Spain. Both attempts succeeded, though on humiliating terms. Elizabeth of Bohemia remained unrighted. Charles and Buckingham complicated every negotiation by fluctuations of timidity, ill-calculated rashness, and perfidy. Carleton served difficult masters, kept himself pretty clean, and probably deserves our author's commendation as the first real English diplomat, as distinguished from casual envoy and spy. Perhaps the chief value of the book lies in the picture it draws of the sheer incompetence of the Stuart régime in all foreign matters. For more than local reasons, a Cromwell was due. On the rather slender thread of the relations of Carleton and Rubens our author has constructed an excellent bit of biographical history. The necessary complications of the narrative make the book one rather for the scholarly than for the general reader.

The reading of "The Science of Happiness," by Jean Finot, translated from the tenth French edition by Mary J. Safford (Putnam), in spite of its numerous editions and its chaplet from the French Academy, has not removed the suspicion that Happiness, like Fame,

> *will not speak to those*
> Who have not learnt to be content without her.

The author's habit of enthusiastic exaggeration, noticed in these columns on the appearance in translation of his "Race Prejudice," some seven years ago, is abundantly in evidence in the present volume. At the outset we are told that, "after all, if we consider man happier than he really is, perhaps some additional happiness will follow." But the suggestion seems to be at once forgotten by the author himself, for it would be hard to conceive humankind in a more wretched condition than is painted in many of the paragraphs that follow. Man craves only happiness and creates nothing but misery. He has created enough futile tears with his religion to drown the whole present generation. With all their racial gayety we may see at a glance that the representative minds even of the French people are "corroded by every evil, beginning with that of thought and ending with that of love." From all the heights of French intellect streams down the dreariness of desolation, present even when not visible. Disunited in most things, we have one point of solidarity—"each member of mankind would believe himself dishonored if he did not provoke around him the bitterness of envy." "The object in life for the majority of men and women is nothing but the desire to create along their path the worst of the moral deformities of man, envy." And if we were to banish all whose business is nothing but the creation of hatred, the cities, the suburbs, and the country would be alike depopulated.

One begins to feel, at times, that one is dealing with a modern Juvenal, but the turning of a page will bring the comforting assurance that the sadness which has thrown a veil of profound melancholy over the world and elicited more tears than the most terrible wars is but spurious after all, and its cult a mere fad. Religion has been the main offender in setting awry a humanity which is really born to be happy, and particularly the Christian religion, the predominant care of which "is to poison the little joys of life." In the happiness which is just ahead of us, then, we are all to give up our *religions,* so far as anything in the nature of a definite creed is concerned, and substitute *religiousness* in their place. Our happiness is not to be entirely freed from the condiment of sorrow, but not too much of it, if you please. We are cautioned, of course, as by the moralizers of all ages, not to depend upon wealth for happiness. And here again the author is seized with a spasm of pessimism; he interjects the remark that society always treats a very wealthy thief with more respect than a very poor honest man. But he immediately brightens up with the reflection that Mr. Roosevelt, by attacking dishonest millionaires in a country where wealth outstrips all honors whatever, has shown the fragility of its worship and shifted the chances of success to the side of its opponents. It must be said for the author that, though his ideal of happiness is not very clearly defined, he does insist that it is to be a product of the *moral* life. And in spite of his slap at Christianity for trying "to poison the little joys of life" which the human heart craves, we are told finally that the coming pedagogy of happiness will implant in the mind the precept that "it is not wishes fulfilled, but duties accomplished, which most surely and most easily procure happiness."

There is, of course, nothing really new in all this, and few thoughtful readers, one imagines, would have felt any sense of injustice if the French Academy had withheld its crown. To go back to Keats again, we fear that the French seekers after happiness who have swallowed up ten editions so rapidly are wooing with too slavish knee. Rather than this—

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Make your best bow to her and bid adieu;
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

It was a happy idea, in connection with the official life of Disraeli, which is coming out so slowly, to issue a volume of his political writings, and this has now been done, under the editorial care of Mr. Benjamin Hutcheon, as "Whigs and Whiggism" (Macmillan). Some of the pieces included have been reprinted in earlier volumes, but even these are now out of print, and the brilliance of their style, apart from their historical value, would justify their presentation again in popular form. The two longest and most important pieces are "The Vindication of the English Constitution" and "The Letters of Runnymede," the former of which appeared in December, 1835, as a "letter to a noble and learned lord," the latter in the first half of 1836 in the London *Times*, being republished anonymously in July of the same year. Both the "Vindication" and the "Letters" were written while Disraeli was still in the wilderness, and are a part of his savage campaign against the Whigs in behalf of Lord Lyndhurst. The "Vindication" contains the fullest exposition of Disraeli's conception of the Constitution; it might not inaptly be described as Burke, without the deep undertone of philosophical emotion that surges through the "Reflections," but sharpened and keyed up for a more modern taste. Occasionally there is a telling epigram, as, for instance, this: "There was a time when our Kings affected to rule by Divine right. It cost our fathers dear to root out that fatal superstition. But all their heroic labors will prove worse than fruitless if the Divine right of Kings is to be succeeded by the Divine right of the House of Commons." Occasionally epigram and argument unite more elaborately, as in this cutting, if not entirely fair, attack on the Westminster Utilitarians, against whom the "Vindication" was mainly directed:

The blended Utilitarian system of morals and politics, then, runs thus: it is the interest of man to be a tyrant and a robber: a man does not change his nature because he is a king; therefore a king is a tyrant and a robber. If it be the interest of one man to be a tyrant and a robber, it is the interest of fifty or five thousand to be tyrants and robbers; therefore we cannot trust an aristocracy more than a monarch. But the eternal principle of human nature must always hold good. A privileged class is always an aristocracy, whether it consists of five thousand or fifty thousand, a band of nobles or a favored sect; therefore the power of government should be entrusted to all; therefore the only true and useful government is a representative polity, founded on universal suffrage.

"The Letters of Runnymede" are more personal than the "Vindication," and perhaps for that reason have been better remembered—unless it is the cleverness of the title that has given them a kind of factitious reputation. Junius was evidently Disraeli's master in their composition, Melbourne and Lansdowne and Lord John Russell and Palmerston taking the place of the Grafton and Bedford and Mansfield over whom the terrible *nominis umbra* poured his vitriol. That the animus, if not quite the deadly precision of malice, of the older writer was caught by the younger may be seen from a typical specimen of the attacks on Lord John Russell:

You were born with a strong ambition and a feeble intellect. It is an union not uncommon, and in the majority of cases only tends to convert an aspiring youth into a querulous and discontented manhood. But under some circumstances—when combined, for instance, with great station, and consequent opportunities of action—it is an union which often leads to the development of a peculiar talent—the talent of political mischief.

The "Letters" were never acknowledged by Disraeli, and their present editor suggests that, as their author grew older and became better acquainted with the men whom he had so viciously abused, he regretted their publication. We need have no such regret to-day.

To every college teacher, to each and every man, a book on the short story is an ambition that gives promise of early fulfilment. "The Modern Short-Story" (A. S. Barnes Company), by Lucy Lillian Notestein and Waldo Hilary Dunn, is the latest stone towards the completed edifice. The Short-story, properly hyphenated, is the exclusive subject of this latest work of collaboration. The authors have not a great mind, but great minds, for they flow from channel to channel with a facility more admirable than that displayed by the lone Indian shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Whole chapters are made up of a mosaic of quotations embedded in the cement of such startling profundities as that the Short-story "is akin to the other forms of narrative art." Besides, we are assured, hundreds of stories have been read in the preparation of the volume. Those used for illustration can be counted on one's fingers, and not all of them seem to have been scrutinized. At least, in Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft" is seen none of the satire that saturates it; it becomes "simply self-sacrificing heroism." The little treatise is primarily a textbook to which the authors hope many college students will be exposed, but one may harbor the suspicion that the undergraduate mind, after encountering these numberless hurtling phases of current doctrine, will be left gasping in bewilderment rather than keyed up to a creative point. To the general reader, familiar with recent theorizing about short fiction, the volume is more likely to prove unintentionally entertaining.

Various indeed are the topics in "A Bookman's Letters" (Doran), by W. Robertson Nicoll, the veteran editor of the *British Weekly*. They range from such a good old-fashioned topic as Learning to Read to matters so recent as A New Critic—Mr. John Bailey. But all have the discursive air of one whose long custom it has been to converse in a pleasantly informal manner as ideas occur to him, but never to be elated or fervent or combatively aroused—an omnivorous reader without engrossing literary passions or profound critical convictions. In this pedestrian manner he likes to relate reminiscences of Meredith, to recount the early career of Swinburne, to indulge in divagations anent Sir Walter Besant. Yet in general he avoids main-travelled roads, much preferring to meander down many an unfrequented bypath. He lingers over the strangely futile career of George Augustus Simcox; he retails the letters of long-forgotten Samuel Brown to seldom remembered George Gilfillan; he wonders whether Robert Buchanan was moral or not; and to Mr. William Hale White he devotes full five chapters of leisurely comment. Though poetry, the novel, the essay, and criticism receive repeated notice in the four hundred-odd octavo pages of these fugitive writings, it is not so much literary art as biographical detail that has obviously engaged his warmest interest. Near the opening he converses of The Six Best Biographies, and throughout the volume he rehearses wherever he can little known facts of the flotsam and the "tramps" in the stream of literary history that will appeal to those of curious and desultory reading.

Somewhere midway in the saintly line of social benefactors from St. Francis to Florence Nightingale stands the consecrated figure whom E. K. Sanders has admirably described in "Vincent de Paul, Priest and Philanthropist, 1576-1660" (Longmans). It is as the patron saint of practical philanthropy, as the pioneer of social reform, organized charity, and assistance to wounded soldiers and galley convicts that Vincent de Paul has been hitherto chiefly known. The world has acclaimed him as the organizer of the devoted Mission Priests who went to Scotland, Poland, and Italy, to Algiers and Madagascar, as well as throughout France, and as the founder and spiritual adviser of the saintly Sisters of Charity, who included women of high and low degree, and who devoted their lives to forgetfulness of self in their service of others. Mr. Sanders does not abate a bit of this just fame, but he goes further; he pierces the veil with which the celebrity of the philanthropical achievements has enshrouded Vincent de Paul, and reveals him as a simple and sincere priest of the Catholic faith whose prime aim was to bring spiritual food to those who were in spiritual starvation. Born during the religious wars, and living through the worldly, selfish, factional struggles which stretched from Henry IV's death to that of Mazarin, this simple saintly son of southern France saw that the common people were as sheep having no true shepherd. A spiritual tragedy at the bedside of a dying peasant convinced him of this, and produced the crisis in his own life which turned him towards mission work. "It is the priests living as most of them live today who are the greatest enemies of the Church of God," he cried. Henceforth he sought to raise the priesthood from its degradation and to have Christ's word preached to those who had never truly heard it. Looking at Vincent de Paul primarily as a spiritual reformer, Mr. Sanders unfolds the details of a life as extraordinary as it is simple and beautiful. In the first half of the volume he sketches the outward life of Vincent de Paul as student, Turkish slave, papal agent, confessor of princes, adviser of Anne of Austria, and inspirer of saintly lives like his own; in the second half he describes the organization and work

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of the Mission Priests and the Sisters of Charity, and shows the constant personal influence which the founder continued to exert upon both until his death in 1660 at the age of eighty-five. It is an excellent, edifying biography, worthy of its subject.

Mr. Frederic Mathews's "Taxation and the Distribution of Wealth" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) has an ambitious title, and is issued by the publishers in ambitious form—a portly, well-printed octavo of nearly 700 pages. And the table of contents is no less ambitious—five parts, each divided in books, each book divided into chapters. The parts and books cover an extraordinary range of topics: Protection, Taxation, the Natural Tax, Progress (including Progress and Politics, Intellectual Progress, Religion, Philosophy), and finally Politics. Unhappily a little delving below the surface shows that all this array of learning has but one aim and end: the single tax. The propaganda of the single-taxers takes Protean forms, and ranges from the one-page leaflet to the ponderous pseudo-scientific treatise. This volume belongs to the latter class. Testing Mr. Mathews's reasoning and evidence here and there, we find him using glibly the most untrustworthy material and settling summarily the most intricate problems. On the General Principles of Taxation, Adam Smith's well-known four canons are quoted, and there is an end. Indirect taxation, of course, gets hard knocks, and protective duties perhaps the hardest of all. However great may be one's impatience with the stock arguments of the crude protectionists, such superficial and inaccurate arguments for free trade as Mr. Mathews presents can cause no less impatience. That he is not competent to deal with the really intricate problems of international trade is shown by his misunderstanding of Mill's reasoning on the possible transference to foreigners of part of an import duty's burden. As to the later parts of the book—on Intellectual Progress, Religion, Pre-Socratic Philosophy, Attic Philosophy, and, finally, Christ—he must be a brave single-taxer who will read it all, and a brave man who will bring himself to believe that he sees its bearing on the problems of taxation and distribution. In the concluding chapter we are told that "the words of but one man in the history of thought show a rational and scientific comprehension of the disease from which society is at present suffering"; and the volume ends at the very last with a resounding phrase which sufficiently indicates its quality: "One Tax, One Freedom, One Kingdom, and One God."

The separately printed supplement to the January number of the *American Journal of International Law* gives translations of the various treaties entered into by the Balkan belligerents: that of February 29, 1912, between Bulgaria and Servia, with a secret appendix, and an agreement between the general staffs of the two armies; of May 20, 1913, between Turkey and the Balkan allies; of July 28 and August 10, 1913, between Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, Montenegro, and Servia, with protocols annexed; of September, 1913, between Bulgaria and Turkey, and of November 11, 1913, between Turkey and Greece, with protocols annexed. In addition to these Balkan documents is given the United States proclamation of November 21, 1913, prescribing rules for the measurement of vessels for the Panama Canal. In the *Journal* itself a valuable paper contributed by Mr. A. Schvan embodies suggestions for a combination between the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers, for the maintenance of naval peace, Great Britain having for her sphere the Atlantic and the United States the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Schvan recognizes that with only one of the great Powers, the United States, are war interests of comparative insignificance; but this "splendid" isolation in his view is in danger of diminution, under the ever-increasing interdependence of trade, shipping, and finance. He trusts to the Dominion, on our northern border, and other outlying great provinces, to prevent England from forgetting that she has a greater rôle to play as the centre of a world-wide empire than as one of the historical Powers of Europe. He believes that a clear division of naval responsibilities would be all-powerful for the maintenance of peace on the high seas, with, as a corollary, the discouraging of military exploitation on the land. Another elaborate paper is the first part of Mr. Roy Emerson Curtis's "Law of Hostile Military Expeditions as Applied to the United States." Denys P. Myers presents a study of "Representation in Public International Organs," with a very complete array of citations. The editorial comments are valuable and instructive, as are the summaries of international events and of public documents relating to international law.

Prof. Herbert E. Bolton's "Guide to the Materials for the History of the United States in the Principal Archives of Mexico" (Carnegie Institution of Washington) is one volume of a series that is designed to render more accessible to historical students the manuscript sources for American history in foreign archives. In the long and often lean years of American historiography, no single undertaking has been so full of promise as has this effort of the Carnegie Institution of Washington to break away from the customary routes of historical travel, and to strike out into new and largely untrodden fields. With the materials in the United States, Spain, Italy, Germany, Canada, Cuba, and Mexico already fairly outlined; with the volumes on England nearly complete, and those on France approaching completion; with reports on Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Sweden under way, and that on Russia projected, the process of orientation is well begun, and the task of construction is already awaiting the builder. But a history of our colonial and national periods is not a matter of days but of years, and in years not of decades but of generations.

Mr. Bolton's "Guide" is the result of five summers spent in Mexico, followed by a period of sixteen months devoted to the actual gathering of information. To any one familiar with the difficulties of a task of this kind—pioneer work often of the hardest and most perplexing character—it will not be necessary to read the author's preface to be impressed with the value of what he has done. Other volumes of the series will bear more directly upon leading phases of our history, but none will show more strikingly the intrinsic perplexities of the problem that every one engaged in this undertaking has had to face. In Mr. Bolton's case more than half the working hours spent in the archives were devoted to the physical tasks of searching for and handling manuscripts; many additional hours were consumed in the presentation of credentials, and the gaining of admission to the various repositories visited; while the remaining hours were taken up with the dreary business of studying the material thus unearthed. The conditions in Mexico were particularly discouraging, and the investigator left his work there, as other investigators have left their work elsewhere, with the feeling that the resources of the archives had been far from exhausted, and that even those collections which were examined were but part of a larger whole that will have to be dealt with some day.

Prof. Rudolf Eucken, the idealist of Jena, has written two more books, which have been promptly translated, and published by Putnams. They are "Knowledge and Life," translated by W. Tudor Jones, and "Ethics and Modern Thought," translated by Margaret von Seydewitz. The first is a portion "of a greater work already planned," which was interrupted by the author's visit to America; the second consists of the Deem lectures delivered last year at New York University. We have taken the pains to read these books, before putting them upon the shelves, though (after a dozen or so volumes of Eucken) without expectation; and our lack of expectation has been verified. They contain scarcely one distinguishably new idea, if, indeed, a new phrase. Yet they are not therefore to be summarily condemned. Some men can sing a song with as much sincerity the thousandth time as the first; and Eucken, especially in "Knowledge and Life," tells the tale of the independence of the spiritual life with the same freshness and vigor of eloquence (well rendered by Mr. Jones's translation) as if he had never told it before. As usual, he is at his best in the critical summaries of prevailing tendencies of thought. His positive construction, showing that knowledge and life are aspects of one movement, continuous yet always revolutionary of previous schemes of life, resists clear statement and leaves one, as usual, with an expectation always just to be satisfied. Yet to one who has not read Eucken the book may be recommended.

Books on "The Greatest Books in the World" always attract some readers and evidently still find publishers; but it may be doubted whether the above title ought to have been chosen by Laura Spencer Portor for her little volume (Houghton Mifflin) on "The Odyssey," "The Divine Comedy," "Goethe's Faust," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," "Pilgrim's Prog-

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ress," and "The Book of Job." She shows neither familiarity with original sources where that alone might justify adding one more comment to the thousands that have been made on Homer, Dante, and Goethe, nor originality of thought, nor charm of style. There is much vagueness and dim speculation throughout, together with, as always in such cases, some unsupported positiveness. She finds "every evidence that Homer had a broader and deeper experience of life than comes to most men"; but it would be superfluous to comment further on a wholly superfluous book.

Prof. Rufus Byam Richardson, the archæologist, who died on March 10, was born in Westford, Mass., April 18, 1845. He graduated from Yale in 1869, and received the degree of Ph. D. in 1878 and of bachelor of divinity in 1883. From 1880 to 1882 he was professor of Greek at the Indiana University, and from 1882 to 1893 at Dartmouth. From 1893 to 1903 he was a director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. He excavated the ancient gymnasium at Eretria, and the site of ancient Corinth. Prof. Richardson edited Æschines's Oration against Ctesiphon, 1889, was a contributor to the *American Journal of Archæology,* and the author of "Vacation Days in Greece," 1903, "Greece through the Stereoscope," 1907, and "History of Greek Sculpture," 1910. He was a member of a number of archæological societies.

John Brown Dunbar, who died on March 12, was born April 3, 1841, at Bellevue, Neb., at that time Indian country. Mr. Dunbar was brought up among the Pawnees and was considered an authority on their language, grammar, and customs. He assisted Father Gailland, of St. Mary's mission, in the preparation of a Pottawatami grammar and dictionary, and furnished the late Daniel G. Brinton with a collection of Indian songs, Pawnee, Arikara, Caddo, and Wichita. He contributed an important series of articles on the Pawnee Indians to the *Magazine of American History,* wrote an appendix on the Pawnee language for Grinnell's "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," and was the author of a number of papers on Indians and early Western history.

Allan Forman, well known as an editor and dramatic critic, died on March 13. Mr. Forman was born September 27, 1860, at Mattituck, Long Island, N. Y. After taking a special course in English literature and economics at Williams College, he started the Brooklyn *Advance* in 1881. He served as dramatic critic for various papers for five years, and established the *Journalist* in 1884, which, except during three years of travel in Europe, he continued to conduct till his retirement in 1908.

The death in England was announced recently of Christian David Ginsburg, who was one of the original four members appointed by convocation for revision of the English version of the Old Testament. Dr. Ginsburg was born December 25, 1831, and received the honorary LL.D. from Glasgow University in 1857. He was the author of a number of works of Biblical criticism, including commentaries on the "Song of Songs," "Ecclesiastes," and "Leviticus," and a critical text of the Hebrew Bible. He was also a contributor of numerous articles to encyclopædias.

Alfred Charles Edwards, editor in chief of *Le Matin,* Paris, who died recently in that city, was born at Constantinople on July 10, 1857. He was the founder and for many years editor of *Le Matin,* and had previously been connected with *Le Figaro, Le Gaulois,* and *Le Clarion.*

Science

PROFESSOR SEE.

Brief Biography and Popular Account of the Unparalleled Discoveries of T. J. J. See. By W. L. Webb. Lynn, Mass.: Thomas P. Nichols & Son Co. $2.50.

Truly this is a daring book, everywhere abounding in parlous surfeit of superlatives. Its subject, Professor See, has thought thoughts as vast as the universe itself, and has surely acquired the cosmic attitude of mind. By heredity "a typical Missourian in every sense," the infant See, we are told, first saw the light on the 393d anniversary of Copernicus's birth, weighed nearly ten pounds, suffered from a "croupy tendency," showed himself "every inch a natural philosopher" by speculating on the origin of sun, moon, and stars at the tender age of two, never so much as dreaming that he should grow into a "little boy with methodical methods," and one day become "the greatest astronomer in the world."

This biographer believes in his subject heart and soul: he leaves the reader in no manner of doubt about it, following the "triumphant career with unabated enthusiasm." With agility the youthful See passes from Steele's "Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy" to Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste," side-steps the University of Chicago, and publishes his first volume of researches himself, probably his most important work so far. Later President McKinley appointed him professor in the navy. After brief duty in the East, he was ordered to Mare Island, where during the past twelve years he has pursued researches in universe building to which has not as yet been accorded that full acceptance which their author and his biographer seem to believe has been the case.

Professor See has published many extended papers in the "Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia," where they have the widest circulation; but so far his revolutionary theories seem only in small part acceptable to his scientific contemporaries. Rather more than half the present book is See's own, a reprint of papers and addresses in which he sets forth in his positive fashion the views which have enabled him to establish on an impregnable basis the two new sciences of cosmogony and geogony: at least that is what his biographer says. Looking into details, we find no especial novelty in his new theory of earthquakes. John Michell (1760) put forth the same idea: subterranean sea-water turned into explosive steam. Whether right or wrong, Professor See is skilled in clear exposition of his ideas. He tells how, on his theory, the mountain ranges have been formed by the expulsion of lava from beneath the earth's crust, pushing it up in one place and permitting it to sink down in another, so that matter is transferred from one place to the other by the movement of lava streams beneath the cool, solid crust of the globe. As for any such secular action of the ocean in uplifting the land, one must close the eyes to the thousands of miles of ocean coast that are not elevated. There are many oceans with abysmal depths off their coast, but no mountains adjacent on the land; indeed, it would help the theory not a little if the Atlantic Ocean did not exist at all. The shallow Mediterranean hardly accounts for the Alps, nor do the moderate depths of the Indian Ocean for the Himalayas. It must be said that geologists have shown no marked unanimity in thinking Von Zittel, and Suess, and Geikie, and Lyell, and Dana, and Chamberlin all wrong, and See alone right. "A decillion decillions to one" may be the chances in favor of his theory, as See sees them, but geologists appear to think very differently.

Coming now to his celestial researches, astronomers are ready to acknowledge their debt to Professor See for agitating in England the question of publishing Sir William Herschel's voluminous papers, for nearly a century accessible only in the scattered "Philosophical Transactions," but now made available in collected form through the collaboration of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society, under the competent editorship of Dr. Dreyer, of Armagh.

Concerning his own work Professor See well says it is most significant that his laws would unite all the different classes of heavenly bodies into one continuous and unbroken whole. Nothing could be more acceptable than such a scheme of origin and connection, provided it can be shown to be reasonably true. His capture theory has points of interest, and some astronomers are disposed to regard portions of it with favor. Many generations, however, must pass before it can be definitely accepted; meanwhile the opinions of other experts are entitled to due consideration.

See's biography is profusely illustrated with fine half-tones, for the most part from photographs, terrestrial and celestial. There are also portraits of many eminent astronomers, from Her-

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schel to Huggins; a swaggering one of the Hon. Champ Clark, whose national lustre now receives sensible accretion as "member of Congress from Professor See's home district in Missouri." This is a unique story which may enhearten many a struggling youth with a deathless ambition.

Dr. Thomas Morgan Rotch, professor in the Harvard University Medical School, who died last week, was born in Philadelphia in 1849. He graduated from the academic department of Harvard in 1870, and four years later from the medical department. He was the medical house officer of the Massachusetts General Hospital during 1873-74, and studied in European hospitals in 1875-76. He was a lecturer from 1878-88, assistant professor in diseases of children from 1888-93, professor from 1893-1903, and professor of pediatrics since 1903. Dr. Rotch was the author of several medical books, among them a textbook on "Pediatrics," and one on "The Röntgen Ray in Pediatrics." He was also a contributor to medical journals.

Sir John Murray, the naturalist and oceanographer, was killed in an automobile accident at Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 16. Sir John was born at Coburg, Ontario, Canada, on March 3, 1841. He was educated in the public schools of London, Ontario, at Victoria College, Coburg, at Edinburgh University, and in Germany. He was one of the naturalists on the famous voyage of the Challenger, 1872-76, and was first assistant of the staff appointed to publish the scientific results of the Challenger expedition, 1876-82, becoming editor in 1882. He was a member of the Triton and Knight Errant explorations in the Faröe Channel, and took part in numerous other explorations. Sir John was created K. C. B. in 1898, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, an LL.D., a D.Sc., and Ph.D., and was the recipient of various foreign orders and honors. He was the author of a number of works and reports on oceanography and kindred subjects, and was an honorary member of a large number of British and foreign scientific societies.

Edward Singleton Holden, who died on Tuesday, was born at St. Louis, November 5, 1846. He graduated from Washington University in 1866, and from the United States Military Academy in 1870. He left the army in 1873, and from then till 1881 was professor of mathematics in the United States navy. He was director of the Washburn Observatory, Wis., 1881-85; president of the University of California, 1885-88; director of the Lick Observatory, 1888-98, and had been librarian of the United States Military Academy since 1901. Dr. Holden received the LL.D. from the University of Wisconsin and from Columbia; was a member of various American and foreign learned societies, and was the author of many books on astronomy and other subjects. Among his miscellaneous writings may be mentioned: "Bastion System of Fortification," 1872; "Life of Sir William Herschel," 1881; "Mogul Emperors of Hindustan," 1895; "Primer of Heraldry," 1898.

Drama

THE CHICAGO THEATRE SOCIETY.

CHICAGO, March 13.

The Chicago Theatre Society, which was formed in 1911, has not attempted to lease and operate a theatre by the season, or to organize a repertory company of its own. The directors have recognized that this would necessarily throw upon them a mass of detail which they had not the experience to handle. The general plan has been to make contracts with producing managers, guaranteeing a minimum share of gross receipts for engagements played under the auspices of the Society. The exact nature of these contracts and the amount of financial risk has varied considerably, but in no case has the Society invested capital before the opening of an engagement or assumed the actual lease of a theatre. It has, therefore, always been possible to compute the maximum liability.

The first venture under such an arrangement was a ten weeks' engagement of the Drama Players at the Lyric Theatre in February, March, and April, 1912. This company, supplied by the Shuberts, was organized and directed by Mr. Donald Robertson, who had been instrumental in forming the Society, and made up of well-known and competent actors, among whom were Mr. Herbert Kelsey, Miss Effie Shannon, and Miss Hedwig Reicher. Rehearsals were begun in October, 1911, and a series of bookings arranged prior to the opening in Chicago. Nine plays were selected by Mr. Robertson and the executive committee, subject to the approval of the Shuberts, but the financial responsibility of the Society was confined to guaranteeing the receipts of the ten weeks in Chicago, and all other expenses, including the salary of the director, were paid by the producing company. The net result of the season, from the treasurer's point of view, was a loss of about $35,000, or approximately 60 per cent. of the Society's guarantee fund.

On the artistic side, it is not so easy to arrive at a definite statement of results. Of the plays produced, three were entirely new works by American authors, three were new translations of successful foreign plays offered for the first time in America, and the other three, Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," Molière's "The Learned Ladies," and Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," were virtually new to Chicago audiences. The last-named group proved to be the most successful, while the American plays failed to arouse any particular interest. It is possible that some of the apathy displayed by the public was due to the fact that nothing was attempted in the "new manner of stagecraft," and that there was nothing either in the plays or in the method of their presentation to set them noticeably apart from the offerings of the other first-class theatres, but I am more inclined to account for the lack of support in other ways. The director, for instance, was embarrassed by a system of season-seat reservations for fixed nights, which made it necessary to withdraw certain plays at the very moment when they had begun to make a popular appeal, and to substitute others which had not been so successful. This handicap alone should account for a loss of several thousand dollars. The Lyric Theatre in itself was hardly suitable for the purposes of the Society. It had never been properly established in the minds of the theatre-going public as a successful playhouse. It was too large, and when only partly filled was anything but homelike and intimate.

In the search for new American material, Mr. Hamlin Garland and others toiled valiantly, but it was discouraging to find that, while the general level of craftsmanship in the plays submitted was surprisingly high, there were no pieces of conspicuous excellence or originality, and that the playwrights of already established reputation apparently did not think it worth while to offer new works. Add to this a general lack of interest in the repertory idea and the suspicion on the part of the average theatregoer that, since the venture was subsidized, it must be an attempt to educate his taste (an idea which he bitterly resents), and you have some of the elements which contributed to the heavy tax upon the guarantors.

For the second season, the Society found it impossible to raise enough funds to repeat the experiment with the same or a similar company. It, therefore, decided to limit its activities to guaranteeing the pay-rolls, travelling expense, and necessary advertising of certain productions which would not otherwise be brought to Chicago. By special arrangement, the Society obtained the use of the Fine Arts Theatre, which seated about six hundred people, agreeing to pay rent only for such time as it was used for the Society's purposes. Thus was arranged and carried through a season of eighteen weeks, during which time fifty-one different plays were presented, among them about twenty-eight short pieces of one or two acts. The season opened with one week of the Coburn Players in "Electra," "Iphigenia," "Macbeth," and "Twelfth Night." They were followed by one week of the Hull House Players, a local semi-amateur company, in Galsworthy's "Justice" and "The Pigeon" and Masefield's "The Tragedy of Nan." After this came two weeks of "Anatol" from the Little Theatre in New York, four weeks of the Irish Players, and a four weeks' engagement of an English company

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playing Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes." Beginning March 17, Miss Horniman's Players, from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, occupied the theatre for four weeks, presenting six modern English plays and three revivals of old comedies. From April 21 to April 26, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison and her company appeared in a revival of "Everyman" and during the following two weeks presented four short plays, including "The Terrible Meek" and "The Necessary Evil," by Charles Rann Kennedy. There were also, earlier in the season, a special production of "The Drone," by Rutherford Mayne, given at four matinée performances, and one evening and one matinée performance of four short American plays by the Wisconsin Dramatic Society.

Thus far two engagements have been played under the auspices of the Society during the current season: four weeks of "The Yellow Jacket" and twelve weeks of repertory under the direction of Mr. B. Iden Payne. Mr. Payne was one of the early stage managers of the Irish Players, and afterwards for several years the director of Miss Horniman's company in Manchester. His company, which was necessarily smaller than the one which played at the Lyric during the first season, included Miss Mona Limerick, Mr. Walter Hampden, Mr. Whitford Kane, Mr. Dallas Anderson, and a number of actors and actresses who had gained their experience in the English repertory theatres. Only three weeks of rehearsals were possible before the opening, and the labor of putting up a new bill for each week of the engagement proved a most severe tax upon the skill of the director and upon the strength, willingness, and resourcefulness of the actors. The general average of the acting and of the stagecraft displayed was extremely good under the circumstances; and the simplicity and sincerity of the productions justified, I think, the belief of the executive committee that, in spite of meagre attendance and much misunderstanding of its aims and intentions on the part of the critics, the Society has to its credit an effective achievement. It is expected that the total loss to the Society will be less than that of last season.

From the foregoing survey it will be apparent that, while the Chicago Theatre Society has not actually maintained a repertory company of its own, the whole experiment has been along the general lines of the so-called "repertory movement," and has tended towards the ultimate establishment of a permanent company under the control and sponsorship of the Society. This may be a matter of the near future, or it may still be a long way off. The season at the Lyric, the engagements of the Irish Players and of Miss Horniman's Players, and more especially the twelve weeks just closed, have tested the present attitude of the public and of the critics towards the repertory idea. There is no indication that this attitude is likely to undergo a radical change. For it is rash to assume that the public can be consciously educated in the theatre. What can be done is to offer to those people who are already genuinely interested in plays and methods of presentation not yet commonly found in other theatres a chance to gratify their taste. If such a policy is followed, without a truckling to sensationalism or a leaning to moonshine, and above all without any assumption of cultural superiority towards those who are frankly more interested by some other form of entertainment, it is safe to count upon an already existent portion of the public which (I quote here from a letter of Mr. Winthrop Ames), "can be slowly unified into a supporting and increasing audience."

KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN.

AN APOSTLE OF MODERNITY.

European Dramatists. By Archibald Henderson. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.

Mr. Henderson is an apostle of modernity. Like the faithful of other cults, he adopts his creed once for all in its unsifted integrity. The simplicity and expedition of this method are beset with the drawback that what is received as *à priori* impeccable often turns out on experiment to contain ingredients that are uncongenial or meaningless to the docile worshipper. In such a perplexity Mr. Henderson is the last man to cavil or temporize. He duly subordinates or piously suppresses his own unreasonable feelings; far be it from him to set up his impertinent instincts in the face of works sustained by the twofold vouchers of contemporaneity and eminence. In Mr. Henderson's sacerdotal or ceremonial praise of pessimists and iconoclasts for whom as a mere man he entertains the most wholesome indifference, we seem to hear some genial and humane Calvinist of the early nineteenth century enlarging with perfunctory ardor on the merits of original sin and eternal punishment. Mr. Henderson, as man to man, cares nothing for Ibsen; but he praises Ibsen with a gusto that makes us really quite impatient of those tepid and half-hearted proselytes, Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse. He does not in the least like Strindberg, but he ransacks his own comprehensive and tri-lingual vocabulary for epithets of praise that would sound fulsome to Mr. Björkman.

The truth is that Mr. Henderson, American citizen and householder, is, in no true sense, the author of the book called "European Dramatists." He has evoked a phantasm or spectre of himself—a constructive entity, so to speak—whose function it is to consume latter-day literature in quantities that defy measurement, to enjoy them hugely, to praise them without stint, almost without mercy, and to indite copious essays for a receptive public. The real Mr. Henderson—a plain, kind, healthy American citizen, no doubt, like the rest of us—very properly goes about his business and, beyond the needful concession of his name, repudiates all share in these extraordinary proceedings. But, no, we exaggerate; there are scattered passages in which the live man has, for a page or two, snatched the pen from his aerial secretary or "affable familiar ghost." The said living man wrote the criticism of Strindberg's "Easter," of Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse" and "Blue Bird," and of Barker's "Prunella," and he nods at us now and then over the shoulder of his industrious substitute, when the latter deals with theatrical performances.

We think it needless to pass in minute review the opinions of a book constructed in this fashion. That Mr. Henderson's spectral collaborator should trouble himself little with definitions, distinctions, qualifications, explanations, and the other adjuncts to precise and lucid thinking is a fault too natural to incur censure: these are the functions of a living organism. It is excusable, likewise, that this airy personage should express himself in a somewhat windy and inflated style, a style teeming with polysyllables which he enjoys in the measure of their sonority and their abstractness, and of many of which he clearly understands the meaning. We confess that we have reaped most profit from the papers on the genesis of Ibsen's drama and on Granville Barker, which draw heavily on the author's abundant stores of knowledge and which illustrate the happy property inherent in facts of retaining their specific gravity, when everything in the neighborhood tends to rarefy and dissipate. Some day Mr. Henderson may quarrel with his literary factotum, and, in a fit of honest indignation, sit down and write a book himself: the day will be a luckless one for Ibsen and Strindberg, and a happy one for his reviewers.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Margaret Anglin's representation of "As You Like It," in the Hudson Theatre, is a most workmanlike achievement, marked by notable intelligence if not by much inspiration. Its excellences include a much greater reverence for the text than is commonly exhibited, some exceedingly clever stage management—especially in the ordering of the forest scenes—swift, smooth, and spirited action, and admirably painted scenery, not so spectacular as to block the progress or mar the proportions of the piece, but sufficiently beautiful to give pleasure and promote illusion. Unfortunately, the Rosalind of Miss Anglin—the designer and directress of this production—is

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not so successful as the framework which she has prepared for it. Her impersonation has its distinctive merits—spirited execution, humor, archness, coyness, dignity, and refinement—but it suffers constantly from over-accentuation, a certain hardness that creates the appearance of artificiality, while it is curiously lacking in fanciful or poetic suggestion. The actress insists so strongly upon some of her points as almost to incur a charge of affectation, of which the merest suspicion is necessarily fatal to the charm of Rosalind's character.

Miss Anglin was most successful in the first act, where her retort upon the banished duke was delivered with admirable feeling and dignity, and in the scene with the bloody 'kerchief. In the purely comic or fanciful episodes she betrayed a self-consciousness which may have been due to anxiety, but robbed them of much of their appropriate charm. If her idea was to express Rosalind in terms of modern naturalism, she made a mistake which she will do well to rectify. Romance and realism are seldom compatible. This was exemplified, more or less, in the realistic Jaques of Fuller Mellish, a clever study executed with fine consistency and precision, but one that took little note of the sardonic vein in Jaques's character. Sidney Greenstreet's Touchstone was another performance which was good mechanically, but poor in imagination. It had none of the quaint, wistful quality of which the old comedians made so much. The Celia of Ruth Boucicault was good, and Pedro de Cordoba was a virile and attractive Orlando, especially in the earlier acts. The Corin of Max Montesole had uncommon merit—a capital bit of Shakespearean character—and E. Y. Backus and Harrison Carter, as the banished and usurping dukes respectively, both did well. In general quality the performance was far superior to several more pretentious modern Shakespearean revivals. J. R. T.

NOTES.

"Cymbeline" was the last volume of the New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare (Lippincott) to come from the hand of the late Horace Howard Furness. Indeed, the critical apparatus was not quite complete at the time of his death, and so the usual articles on the State History of the Play, Actors' Interpretations, and the List of Books consulted are wanting in this volume. The Index has been compiled by Dr. Benson B. Charles, of the University of Pennsylvania. Fortunately, the Preface, the elaborate notes on the text, and the discussions of the source of the plot and date of composition were left ready for the press. The merits of this edition are so well-known that we need not dwell on them here. With regard to the question raised by Prof. A. H. Thorndike, as to the influence of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster" on Shakespeare's latest group of plays—the so-called "romances"—and on "Cymbeline," in particular, Dr. Furness very sensibly concludes that the evidence is too uncertain for us to reach any decision. It is a question of priority and in view of the meagre data that have come down to us no one can say whether it was Shakespeare or the younger dramatists that led the way. For the rest, Dr. Furness's estimate of the play strikes us on the whole, as too low. Moreover, he tries to thrust upon some hypothetical collaborator virtually all responsibility for what is inferior in the work. His theory is stated in the following words:

> Regarded broadly, I believe that the Imogen love story and all that immediately touched it interested Shakespeare deeply; the Cymbeline portion was turned over to the assistant, who at times grew vainglorious and inserted here and there, even on the ground sacred to Imogen, lines and sentiments that shine by their dulness. Nay, one whole character was, I think, confided to him. It is Belarius—who bored Shakespeare.

In support of his views Dr. Furness cites a number of lines which are objectionable on the score of slovenliness of style or of inconsistency with the character of the speaker. It would be pleasant if by so simple a device we could relieve our favorite authors of the blemishes that offend us in their works, but Shakespeare, like the rest of us, will have to bear the responsibility of his own sins. Most critics will readily grant that the scene containing the vision of Posthumous is spurious. There is likely to be more skepticism in regard to the supposed defects of the final scene. It is a different matter altogether, however, when we are asked to reject scattered lines and fragments of lines here and there throughout the play in scenes whose authenticity is unquestioned. Professor Dowden and others have already remarked on the signs of declining energy that are observable in certain parts of "Cymbeline" and the weaker passages on which the present editor has laid his finger may well be referred to the same general cause. The truth is that in selecting a chronicle background for the central romantic theme Shakespeare did not make a very happy choice, and even his own interest, doubtless, slackened in the face of the inherent dulness of the subject. That the decline mentioned above was only temporary, however, is clear from the two plays that followed—"Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest"—in each of which we have romance, pure and simple, set forth in a style that shows no flagging from beginning to end. But, after all, when we think of "Cymbeline," we think first of Imogen, and this character alone suffices to make the play worthy of the group to which it belongs.

George Middleton, well and favorably known as an author of short plays, has now produced a three-act comedy, "Nowadays" (Holt), which is notable not only as a sane and veracious study of contemporary life, but for dramatic qualities which ought to make it valuable in the theatre. Dealing with the relations of the sexes, and making a strong and effective plea for a more equal partnership for women in the opportunities and responsibilities of life, it shows a philosophic realization of the limitations imposed by nature and the hard facts of existence. The story, free from all sensationalism or extravagance, is strong in the naturalness of its situations and the vitality of its contrasted personages. William Dawson, a prosperous contractor, and a liberal and affectionate man, is nevertheless, by training and instinct, a domestic tyrant. His creed is that a wife, if comfortably provided for, should find a full life in caring for her home, children, and husband; that girls, except in case of necessity, should regard marriage as the sole respectable means of livelihood, and that boys should succeed to their father's business or follow his direction. But he is willing that his son should have a liberal education, see something of the world, and have an opportunity of sowing a few wild oats. For twenty-five years he has ruled his family in accordance with this policy, unsuspecting that he has robbed his wife of the zest of life by crushing her artistic ambition. When his daughter, who has inherited his dominant will and her mother's idealistic spirit, insists upon going to New York to study sculpture, he refuses to aid her, hoping that she will be starved into submission, but continues to let his son, a selfish young wastrel, run free, with a large allowance. The result is that the lad marries a pretty but foolish girl, whom he soon abandons shamelessly, together with the partnership bestowed upon him by his father, while Mrs. Dawson, driven into temporary revolt, breaks her fetters and joins her daughter, who has won a great prize in a public competition. In the end old Dawson capitulates, agreeing to meet his wife's wishes in every respect, but in the meanwhile Mrs. Dawson has discovered that her artistic faculties have been paralyzed, and she patiently returns to the old drab existence at home, content to mother the deserted wife and her infant. The daughter, with the prospect of fame and fortune before her, offers her hand to the man who has long loved and encouraged her, but has never proposed marriage, fearing that his poverty might be a bar to her artistic progress. She decides that they will work together, that woman's nature needs a mate for its full development, and that life is not complete without the child. This is a simple tale, without a shock or thrill in it, but steadily interesting and entirely human. All the characters are depicted with fidelity and consistency; the dialogue is good, and the plot logical in its outcome.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic" is to be succeeded at the Little Theatre in London by "Love's Labour's Lost." This piece was selected by Charles J. Mathews and his wife, Mme. Vestris, for the opening of their season at Covent Garden on September 30, 1839. No one, not even the oldest actor in the theatre, had ever seen it played. The cast included James R. Anderson, Robert Keeley, John Pritt Harley, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mme. Vestris (as Rosaline). Unfortunately Mathews closed the shilling gallery, and the admission to the lower gallery was reduced to 1s. 6d. The "gods" resented this curtailment of their liberties, and the comedy was interrupted, often stopped, and all but "damned" by the tremendous noise and uproar. At last a man carrying a placard on a pole gave the malcontents to understand that

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the shilling gallery would be restored on the following night. There were, however, only nine presentations of the play at Covent Garden.

F. R. Benson's American tour prevents him from assuming the management of the Stratford-on-Avon Festival this year, and the programme has been arranged by the executive committee of the Shakespeare Memorial. The proceedings, which will occupy two weeks, will be opened on Monday afternoon, April 20, by Sir Herbert Tree, who will produce "Othello," playing the Moor to the Iago of H. B. Irving and the Cassio of Henry Ainley. On the evening of that date Arthur Bourchier will be seen as Shylock. On Thursday, April 23, Shakespeare's birthday, Mr. Bourchier will act Benedick. Miss Margaret Halstan will act Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." In addition to playing Iago, H. B. Irving will appear as Hamlet. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton have been approached with a view to their playing in "The Taming of the Shrew." The general direction of the festival this year has been entrusted to Mr. Patrick Kirwan. During the festival Mr. Kirwan will produce two old plays, "The Two Angry Women of Abington" and "A Woman is a Weathercock." The first of these, which was not divided into acts, was published in 1599. The scene lies in London. Its full title is "A Pleasant Historie called The Two Angrie Women of Abington; with the Humorous Mirth of Dick Coomes and Nicholas Proverbs." Of the five plays by Henry Porter which are mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary," this is the only one extant. Charles Lamb praised it. "A Woman is a Weathercock" is of somewhat later date. It was acted before James I at Whitehall and "divers times privately at the White-Friers, by the children of her Majesties Revels." Published in 1612, it was dedicated "to any Woman that has not been a weathercock." The author, Nathaniel Field (1587-1633), was a player as well as a playwright. He also wrote "Amends for Ladies," 1618, and he shared with Massinger in the authorship of "The Fatal Dowry," 1632, first acted at "Black-Friers."

Music

FOLKSONGS

Afro-American Folksongs. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: G. Schirmer. $2 net.

About thirty years ago Lafcadio Hearn conceived the idea of a book on negro music of which he and Mr. Krehbiel were to be the joint authors. He was to write "a long preface and occasional picturesque notes" to go with his friend's "learning and facts." He would begin by showing how the blacks "carry their music with them to Persia and even to mysterious Hadramant, where their voices are held in high esteem by Arab masters." Then he would "touch upon the transplantation of negro melody to the Antilles and the two Americas, where its strangest black flowers are gathered by the alchemists of musical science and the perfume therefrom extracted by magicians like Gottschalk."

This book, unfortunately, never was written; but Mr. Krehbiel continued to study the subject, as he had already done for a decade, and to gather material for a volume of his own, which is now before us. It is not an attractive book to the eyes, and the numerous quotations are printed in type so small that one almost needs a microscope to read them; but these shortcomings must be overlooked because of the value of the material contained between the covers of this "study in racial and national music," as the subtitle calls it. A good deal of this material is but loosely connected with the main thesis of the book, but it is interesting to students of music and anthropology, although the frequent digressions make it difficult for the average reader to follow the argument.

What Mr. Krehbiel has attempted to prove is that Dr. Wallaschek, the author of a valuable book on "Primitive Music," was wrong when he expressed the opinion that the songs of the American negroes are very much overrated and that, as a rule, they are "mere imitations of European compositions which the negroes have picked up and served up again with slight variations." In Mr. Krehbiel's opinion, the songs of the black slaves of the South are original and native products:

> They contain idioms which were transplanted hither from Africa, but as songs they are the product of American institutions; of the social, political, and geographical environment within which their creators were placed in America; of the influences to which they were subjected in America; of the joys, sorrows, and experiences which fell to their lot in America.

Of the conditions under which the negro songs were born this volume presents vivid pictures, cited from diverse authors; sketches which explain why so many of the songs are "spirituals," and why more of them are gay than might be expected under the circumstances. This leads to a discussion of the psychology of the major and minor modes, concerning which interesting facts are brought to light. On examining the negro folksongs in six collections Mr. Krehbiel found that 331 were in the major mode, 62 in ordinary minor, 23 mixed and vague, 111 pentatonic, and so on. The pentatonic scale and the use of the "snap" or "catch," which characterizes three-fifths of the songs and which in an exaggerated form lies at the basis of "ragtime," are the two most obvious features of the Afro-American folksongs and therefore the most frequently copied by composers and dance-makers; but, as the author says, "there is much more that is characteristic in this body of melody, and this 'more' has been neglected because it has not been uncovered to the artistic world." His object is to uncover these elements. He admits that, while the folksongs originated in this country, "the essential elements came from Africa"; and to Africa, therefore, he takes the reader in a chapter in which he learnedly discusses the many kinds of slaves, their aptitude and love of music, and their knowledge and use of harmony. Other chapters are entitled Folksongs in General, Songs of the American Slaves, Religious Character of the Songs, Variations from the Major Scale, Minor Variations and Characteristic Rhythms, Structural Features of the Poems, Funeral Music, Dances of the American Negroes, Songs of the Black Creoles, Satirical Songs of the Creoles.

In this diversity of topics and digressions one is surprised to find no discussion of the relations between the songs of the American negroes and those of Stephen Foster. This omission is doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Krehbiel accepts the old-fashioned and foolish definition of some of the German writers, who allow no song to be called a folksong if its composer is known, even though it be in all other respects exactly like acknowledged folksongs. It is a definition which would exclude from the collections of folksongs all those the composers of which might happen to be discovered to-morrow! Stephen Foster's songs are true folksongs in every possible way except that their composer's name is known. Nor are they the only songs which disprove the writer's statement that the negroes of the plantations alone lived under conditions which are essential to the development of true folksong. We have white and red as well as black folk music. What is more, the white and red music is purely American, whereas in the case of the negro folk-music "the essential elements came from Africa," as Mr. Krehbiel admits and proves. In this he was anticipated by Jeannette Robinson Murphy, of Orlando, Florida, who, in her "Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers," gives a more minute and vivid description of the characteristic "trimmings" of negro song than are to be found in the volume under review.

As for the numerous songs printed in Mr. Krehbiel's volume it need not worry any one that while he would have preferred, as he admits, to present them without harmonic additions, he nevertheless does present them with such. Students may disregard these additions. At the same time, as long as harmonies were added, it should have been done after the methods followed by Grieg in Norway and Harvey Worthington Loomis in his arrangements of Indian

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tunes, making the harmonies as exotic as the melodies, instead of following the rules laid down in Richter's manual of harmony.

At a recent recital of Julia Culp, the audience was much pleased with two songs by John Alden Carpenter, included in the collection of six settings of poems from Rabindranath Tagore's "Gitanjali." Mr. Carpenter discovered the worth of these poems and set them to music long before Tagore had received the Nobel prize for literature; indeed, the "Soul of India" was at that time virtually unknown in America.

The "Old Testament of Music," as Hans von Bülow called Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," is offered for sale by a dealer in Munich (Rosenthalsches Antiquariat, Katalog 153) for the trifle of $8,000. It was believed until recently that the original of this work was lost; but of the Munich manuscript, sixty-two pages (out of ninety) are in Bach's own handwriting. It is thought that this manuscript belonged to his son Philip Emanuel.

Although Paderewski could not play in California, he found there a cure for his neuritis, which had delayed his appearance in New York a fortnight, and made him lose another fortnight on the Pacific Coast. At the conclusion of his Eastern engagements he will probably return to California next month and give the recitals which were postponed.

Art

French Colour-Prints of the XVIII Century. An Introductory Essay by Malcolm C. Salaman. Illustrated by fifty representative examples in colors. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $12 net.

The field of prints is apparently small. Yet it includes a remarkable range of possibilities because of the diversity of the media employed (etching, dry-point, line-engraving on copper, wood-engraving, mezzotint, stipple, aquatint, and what not). And it offers an infinite variety of national, racial, and individual expression. Recently added attention has been devoted to the bypaths of the subject. Under the circumstances, the French color-print was bound to have its turn, and it is perhaps more significant than surprising that two books on the subject have appeared within a year —that of Model and Springer ("Der französische Farbenstich des 18. Jahrhunderts") and the one now under consideration.

One must welcome the present book, even though some of the half-tone plates are rather flat in modelling and color. These reproductions are useful, however, since there is not much opportunity to see the originals in this country, American collectors of this specialty being few. Your reviewer, in fact, knows of but one who has achieved really noteworthy results.

At their best the eighteenth-century Frenchmen used color with tact, a sense of harmony and a certain reticence, and with a wisely appropriate choice of media without obtrusive line (for color in line is thin) or grain. Furthermore, they manipulated the medium in such manner that, as the Goncourts noted, the process, the manner, the labor which produced the effect, were quite concealed. This last statement has reference particularly to the plates in which Debucourt, Descourtis, and others worked in a mixture of aquatint and other methods.

Mr. Salaman, however, has treated not only this late eighteenth-century phase of the subject, but he takes us back to Le Blon and his early experiments, and includes within his scope the "crayon" manner and its offshoot the "pastel" manner, as well as stipple engraving. The last named, with its facile adaptation to the taste for sentimental prettiness, had its vogue more particularly in England, and is but slightly associated with French art. The earlier crayon, or chalk, manner, on the other hand, is peculiarly an expression of the French spirit, and, further, of a factor of considerable importance in the history of all reproductive graphic art; that is to say, the interest in the reproduction of drawings. It is that, too, which brought into being the basic process of the aquatint, which is the main theme of the book before us. Aquatint, the invention of which is usually connected with Le Prince, and which was often referred to as *gravure au lavis*, "wash" engraving, was evidently born of the desire to reproduce wash drawings. In numerous plates by Janinet, Debucourt, Descourtis, and others, plates "not great but engaging and decorative," the reader receives a vivid impression of the taste and life of the Louis XV and Louis XVI periods. But it is the gay, light-hearted life of the rich only that is mirrored here. It is reflected, in the language of Brownell, with "audacity of suggestion," but no "vulgarity of pictorial expression," no "offence against artistic taste." We get in these prints a picture showing only one side of the shield. The author quite aptly points out that the "great, serious, homely art of Chardin" has no place in the records of the color print, and Watteau but a very small one. It is at best the "piquant effrontery" of Boucher, and in the main the work of minor artists, which was reproduced in such terms of color. Among the artists who inspired these engravers in color—Huet, Schall, Boilly, and the rest of them—Boilly stands out; and to him Mr. Salaman devotes a good deal of space. The recent revival of interest in Boilly, however, has been anticipated by the American connoisseur who some time since brought together what is perhaps —to speak guardedly—the most complete collection of prints by or after this artist.

French color engraving must naturally not be judged from the point of view of the lover of etchings. Its object and achievement do not lie in that direction. It was not practiced as a painter-art, as a means of original expression, except by Debucourt, who was both designer and engraver. It had a quite special aim and intent. Mr. Salaman speaks of aquatint and the crayon manner as "pretty media," and in that spirit he appropriately handles his subject.

The Vasari Society continues its useful work of publishing drawings by old masters with undiminished vigor. The portfolio for the eighth and ninth years (1912, 1913) presents the usual assortment of important pieces from public museums, and, even more valuable to the student, of drawings in private collections. The policy of republishing a certain amount of familiar material is justified by the fact that the Society offers truer facsimiles and usually reproduces to scale. Thus in Portfolio VIII we find the first really adequate reproduction of the splendid drawing by Antonio Pollaiuolo, A Prisoner before the Judgment Seat, in the British Museum. Other drawings of especial note among the thirty-three are St. Martin Dividing his Cloak, by Tintoretto, from the Edinburgh Museum; fine examples of Piranesi and Antonio Canale, British Museum; two quite magnificent Rembrandt sketches from private collections; studies from a Negro's Head by Watteau. Benozzo Gozzoli, Michelangelo, Alonso Cano, Rubens, Jordaens, Hans Baldung, are other artists represented by drawings for the most part new to students. The attributions of a rather feeble sheet of pen studies to Fra Bartolommeo might awaken critical doubts. Portfolio IX contains twenty-eight plates and greater rarities. Three pieces each are accredited to Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt. Michelangelo, Titian, Sebastiano del Piombo, Correggio, Dürer, Koninck, Altdorfer, Jean Fouquet, Jacques Callot, and Watteau are the outstanding names. Especially noteworthy are the tiny emblematic design by Leonardo, owned by the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert, and the bold pen sketch for Dürer's Christ on the Mount of Olives from Lord Hampton's collection. Mr. G. F. Hill, from the beginning the honorable secretary of the society, has recently resigned. Mr. A. M. Hind, of the British Museum, succeeds him. To Mr. Hind applications for membership and the subscription of a guinea a year may be sent. Few publishing clubs are more worthy of support. None offers its members a more skilful management or a better money's worth.

Arthur Parton, the landscape artist, who died on March 7, was born at Hudson, N. Y., March 26, 1842. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, and exhibited his first pictures there in 1862. Coming to New York in 1865, he became a regular exhibitor at the National Academy of Design. He received the gold

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medal of the American Art Association in 1886, and the Temple Medal, Philadelphia. He also received honorable mention at the Paris Exposition, 1900. His works are represented at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in other leading collections. Mr. Parton was a member of the American National Academy, the National Academy, and the American Water Color Society.

Finance

MEXICO AND THE MARKETS.

"Mexico" has come to be a word which Stock Exchange operators cannot conjure with. This is because, although the Mexican imbroglio is the foremost political problem of the hour, every successive attempt to make of a new development in the tangled relations a basis for a general break on the New York Stock Exchange has failed. There have been various explanations for this, and they have been mutually conflicting. One theory is that our Government's policy is at all events averting war, and that without war, the Mexican situation is not a formidable financial menace. But another theory, which seems to be equally widely held on the Stock Exchanges, is that the Washington policy is certain to cause war with Mexico, and that war would be preferable to the existing state of political chaos across the border. This second theory is interesting, because unusual from the Wall Street point of view.

Two questions always confront the financial markets when a nation goes to war. One is the actual and immediate expenditure involved, and the Government borrowings incidental to them. Even the Boer War, fought by a rich European Power against a remote colonial people, cost England, all told, a million dollars a day, or one thousand millions in all, and it utterly deranged the English financial position. The extent of such a drain on resources depends on the duration of the fighting.

Our own Spanish war, which lasted not more than five months, increased our expenditure on the army alone, in the two fiscal years within which the campaigns fell, by $220,000,000, and compelled our Government to sell $198,000,000 bonds. This was a larger rate of daily expenditure than England's in South Africa; but the shortness of the contest averted a serious strain. It would therefore have to be considered, in a supposable Mexican campaign, whether the period of fighting would be nearer to the four months of 1898 in Cuba, or to the thirty-three months of 1899, 1900, 1901, and 1902 in the Transvaal.

The other consideration which confronts financiers when such a contest begins is the question of foreign complications. This was temporarily a serious matter in the Russo-Turkish War, and it was the paramount financial influence in the recent Balkan contest, when nobody felt sure, from October, 1912, to June, 1913, whether the great European Powers might not be drawn in. A Mexican contest would reduce at least this difficulty to a minimum; for the great neutral Powers with interests in Mexico would probably be better satisfied to see us intervene than to have us hold our hands off.

But behind all these considerations there would stand the utterly perplexing questions, Where would a process of armed interference end, how long would the process continue, and in what degree would it improve the present deplorable condition of Mexican finance and business? All of these problems have been curiously tested once, by what occurred in Mexico, just when our own Civil War was breaking out. A Mexican President, duly elected and inaugurated, had been driven from the capital; an insurgent leader had been recognized by foreign governments as *de facto* President. Thereupon, however, the constitutional Government proceeded to hold its ground, and a state of anarchy, similar to what now exists, prevailed. United States vessels were seized; foreign residents who refused to pay heavy cash requisitions were banished or executed without trial. The murder of Ormond Chase, then a matter of executive inquiry, resembled in all respects the episodes of Benton and Vergara.

Mexican trade was meantime ruined. Paper currency, issued by the *de facto* Government, fell to 60 per cent. discount. In 1861 a tax of 10 per cent. on all fortunes exceeding $2,000 was decreed. Our Administration, having recognized the insurgent Government, changed front and recognized the other Mexican faction. Meantime, the Monroe Doctrine was asserted at Washington, but our own Government, confronted with war at home, could do nothing in Mexico.

At length, in December, 1861, through the French Emperor's urgency (utilizing the helplessness of the Washington Government), France, Spain, and England landed troops in Mexico, and in 1863, with the nominal consent of a Mexican "provisional Government," Maximilian of Austria was made Emperor of Mexico. What followed, everybody knows Maximilian and his French troops were utterly unable to pacify the country. Three years later, they were still on the defensive, holding only part of Mexico. In 1866 Napoleon III, frightened at the attitude of the victorious Union Government at Washington, began to withdraw his troops from Mexico. In 1867 Maximilian was captured by the insurgents, tried by court-martial, and shot. It was then that Porfirio Diaz, at the time an insurgent leader, came upon the scene.

Such was the course of events in the last instance of actual foreign intervention, to put a forcible end to political chaos in Mexico. The question, whether the failure of the present Mexican situation to upset the markets is due to improbability of war, or to probability of it, must be judged in the light of the above considerations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andersen, H. Ch. Fairy Tales. Oxford University Press.
Arden, Joan. A Childhood. Cambridge: Barnes & Barnes. $1 net.
Baring, M. Lost Diaries. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Barnett, L. D. Antiquities of India. Putnam. $4 net.
Barnouw, A. J. Anglo-Saxon Christian Poetry. The Hague. Nijhoff.
Barrus, C. Our Friend John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Benson, E. F. Dodo's Daughter. Century. $1.35 net.
Bolen, G. L. The Whole Truth About the Tariff. Battle Creek: Phoenix Co.
Bradley, F. H. Essays on Truth and Reality. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Burt, M. S. In the High Hills. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Burton, R. Little Essays in Literature and Life. Century. $1.25 net.
Catalogue of the Icelandic Collection. Ed. by H. Hermannsson. Ithaca: Cornell University Library. $6 net.
Cohn, J. R. Vital Problems of Religion. Edinburgh: Clark.
Curtis, H. S. Play and Recreation. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Dalrymple, L. Diana of the Green Van. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.35 net.
Don Quijote de la Mancha. Trans. by Robinson Smith. London: Routledge.
Fielding-Hall, H. The Passing of Empire. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Giovannitti, Arturo. Arrows in the Gale. Riverside: Hillaire Bookhouse. $1 net.
Goldman, S. P. Handbook of Stock Exchange Laws. Doubleday, Page.
Guyot, Yves. Where and Why Public Ownership Has Failed. Trans. from the French by H. F. Baker. $1.50 net.
Hébert, M. Jeanne d'Arc. Paris: Nourry.
Hill, M. Sunrise Valley. Boston: Small Maynard. $1.25 net.
Hoag, C. G. A Theory of Interest. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hubbell, H. M. The Influence of Isocrates on Cicero, Dionysius, and Aristides. New Haven: Yale University Press.
Jastrow, M. Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Jordan, H. Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust. Putnam. $1.30 net.
Kenna, E. D. Railway Misrule. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Law, H. E. The Power of Mental Demand. San Francisco: Elder.
Legge, E. More About King Edward. Boston: Small, Maynard. $4 net.
Lincoln, N. S. The Man Inside. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Lockhardt, Caroline. The Full of the Moon. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Lockhardt's Life of Scott. Ed. by Reid. Macmillan. 25 cents net.
Lucas, B. Our Task in India. Macmillan. $1 net.
Lytton, Lady Constance. Prisons and Prisoners. London: Heinemann.
Macauley, C. R. The Red Tavern. Appleton. $1.30 net.
McClure, A. Making Built-in Furniture. McBride Nast. 50 cents net.
Martin, Helen R. Barnabetta. Century. $1.30 net.
Maspero, G. Manual of Egyptian Archæology. Putnam.
Moore, L. The Peacock Feather. Putnam. $1.25 net.

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Morris, William. The Life and Death of Jason. Poems by the Way. News from Nowhere. A Dream of John Ball, and a King's Lesson. The House of the Wolfings. The Roots of the Mountains. The Story of the Glittering Plain. The Wood Beyond the World. The Well at the World's End. The Water of the Wondrous Isles. The Sundering Flood. Longmans' Pocket Library. 75 cents each.

Petit Recueil de Chants Français. Ed. by H. Carter. Oxford University Press.

Pollard, A. F. The Reign of Henry VII. Vol. III. Longmans. $3 net.

Poll, M. Van den Vos Reynaerde. Cincinnati: University Press. 75 cents.

Prince, Morton. The Subconscious. Macmillan. $2 net.

Pycraft, W. P. The Courtship of Animals. Holt. $1.75 net.

Rackham, A. Book of Pictures. Century. $4 net.

Ripley, N. B. Omar or Christ. Eaton & Mains.

Rockwell, F. F. Making a Garden of Small Fruits. McBride, Nast 50 cents net.

Sharts, J. W. The King Who Came. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Singh, Saint Nihal. Japan's Modernization. London: Kelly.

Singh, Saint Nihal. Progressive British India. London: Kelly.

Smith, A. Elementary Chemistry. Century Co. $1.25 net.

Sophocles in English Verse. Trans. by Arthur S. Way. London: Macmillan. $1.10.

Stoddard, J. L. Poems. Chicago: Shuman.

Terry's Japanese Empire. A Guidebook for Travelers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

The Quest Series: The Mystics of Islam, by Nicholson; Jewish Mysticism, by Abelson. London: G. Bell. $1 net.

Thorley, W. Paul Verlaine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Topographical Catalogue of the Private Tombs of Thebes by A. H. Gardiner & A. E. Weigall. London: Quaritch.

Trevelyan, W. B. Apples of Gold. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Vandercook, M. The Loves of Ambrose. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Villiers Stuart, C. M. Gardens of the Great Mughals. London: Black.

Ward, Wilfrid. Men and Matters. Longmans. $3.50 net.

Warwick, Anne. Victory Law. Lane. $1.30 net.

Wells, Carolyn. Anybody but Anne. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Wells, H. G. The World Set Free. Dutton. $1.35.

White, B. The Carpenter and the Rich Man. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

Whitlock, Brand. Forty Years of It. Appletons. $1.50 net.

Wightman, R. The Things He Wrote to Her. Century. 60 cents net.

Williams, H. W. Russia of the Russians. Scribner.

Woman and Morality. Chicago: The Laurentian Publishers. $1 net.

World's Classics: Selected English Speeches. Poems by C. Rossetti. London: Humphrey Milford.

Writings on American History. Ed. by G. Griffin. American Historical Association.

Young, W. T. Introduction to the Study of English Literature. Putnam. 75 cts.

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